

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXV. No. 1671.

THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1961

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The centre of Sheffield seen from a balcony of one of the Park Hill flats. Ian Nairn writes about Sheffield on page 605

Ian Nairn

The Attack on World Poverty

By Andrew Shonfield

The Changing Village

By Victor Bonham-Carter

The Wandering Albatross

By Margaret Lane

Americans Red and White

By Robin Crichton

In Defence of Sightseeing

By C. V. Wedgwood

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By Cecil Gould

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The Listener

Vol. LXV. No. 1671

Thursday April 6 1961

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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The Attack on World Poverty

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

This article is based on a discussion, broadcast in the Third Programme, in which Professor P. M. S. Blackett, Mr. David Bleloch, Mr. Nicholas Kaldor, and Mr. Maurice Zinkin, discussed with Mr. Shonfield his recently published book, 'The Attack on World Poverty' (Chatto and Windus, 21s.)

THE easiest way to discuss international relations is to talk about nations as if they were human beings, each endowed with a sharply defined personality. It is also extremely unprofitable. Yet the simple and satisfying image of nations as persons is difficult to get away from altogether. It crops up even in the discussion of such technical issues as the provision of aid by rich countries to poor ones. There is a widespread feeling that it is really a straightforward business for the rich to give a small percentage of their incomes to the poor, and that the technicians are just confusing the matter.

Yet in the battle between the obtuse technicians and the stubborn imagists it is the latter who almost invariably lose; and in a chapter of my recent book, *The Attack on World Poverty*, which I called 'Generosity Frustrated' I tried to get at the reasons why. The simple truth is that nations, unlike individuals, are not rich all of a piece. The Americans, for example, may be very rich in one sense and yet feel that the dollar is so vulnerable—because of the large foreign holdings of dollars which already exist—that they cannot afford to dole out any more money abroad. On the other hand they are willing to spend huge amounts at home, not merely out of national selfishness but because it seems safe to do so. How

to get round this barrier of the balance of payments, which prevents the generous instincts of the rich from asserting themselves, seems to me one of the major problems that have to be answered if we are to see the massive transfer of resources to the poor nations that is required if the under-developed countries are to move forward rapidly during the nineteen-sixties. One proposal which I put forward was that the West should make much more use of the surpluses of production that it keeps throwing up, particularly surpluses of food, to meet the needs of the poor countries—and that the poor countries themselves should start looking much more actively for surpluses of this kind that they can usefully absorb.

The idea of using the food surpluses in particular to make good the agricultural deficiencies of the under-developed countries was one of the main themes of our discussion. We agreed that one of the characteristics of earlier industrial revolutions was that they had been preceded or accompanied by agricultural revolutions, which made available the extra food required to sustain a growing army of workers in industry. But in a country like India today the agrarian development lags far behind the industrial. Why is this so? Both Mr. Nicholas Kaldor, the Cambridge economist, and I suggested that the political power of the landlords was an important factor in holding up the radical changes which are necessary in the whole structure of Indian agriculture.

Mr. Maurice Zinkin, who spent a period of twenty years in India, first as a civil servant and then as a business executive,

before returning to this country recently, took a quite different view of the situation. He asserted that in the more advanced parts of the country, in some of the river deltas and in the Punjab, there is an upheaval in agriculture already taking place. Looking back over the period since the nineteen-thirties, he pointed to the 'most astonishing way' in which long staple cotton, for instance, had been substituted for short staple cotton, to the 'immense spread of irrigation', and to the way in which people were showing a keenness to try out new methods of cultivation, turning more and more to the government-appointed agricultural extension officers for advice. The result was that Indian agricultural production had increased by a third in the past ten years.

However, this figure of 3 per cent. per annum increase in output looks less impressive when it is set against the population explosion, which is by now adding close to 2 per cent. each year to India's population. Mr. Kaldor made the point that when you get many people moving off the land into industry, consumption of food per head tends to go up anyway. The people left behind on the land do not save the extra food which would otherwise have been eaten and make it available as a marketable surplus; they consume it themselves. The new industrial workers are therefore an extra charge on the country's supplies: in other words, the very act of industrialization has to be supported by some increase in the *per capita* supply of food. The question raised by the discussion was whether the main political support for the ruling Congress Party in India, coming as it did from the more substantial small landlord and peasant in the villages, did not militate strongly against radical measures of land reform of the type required to achieve a really big surge forward in production. The big contrast is in Mexico, where agricultural and industrial production have both been moving forward together at a steady pace.

Mexico's Agricultural Progress

Two points are especially worth noticing about the Mexican case. One is that it was guided by a conscious revolutionary urge to break the power of the traditionally dominant class in the villages, the big landlords. There was a real and violent social upheaval. The second point is that the revolution was accompanied by a vigorous cultural drive, whose object was to lift the peasant masses out of their spiritual apathy. Mr. David Belloch, speaking from his experience as a former official of the United Nations concerned with technical aid, said that he thought Mexico's impressive agricultural progress had been caused in large part by the regime's success in propagating the idea that it is the duty of educated persons to go out into the fields and communicate with the peasants and teach them new ways.

Mexico is indeed an almost unique case in Latin America. Mr. Kaldor contrasted it with Chile, where the opposition of a powerful landlord class has prevented agrarian reform, with the result that the country's food production remains much below what is required. It was suggested that in India too, though in a less extreme way, the government's unwillingness to take the political and social risks was putting a brake on economic progress. Mr. Zinkin passionately denied this. 'I am always horrified', he said, 'to see the number of people who come out to India, spend a few months there, come back and say that what India requires is a revolution in the countryside. . . . There is a very strict limit to the speed of revolution that people can stand'.

Professor P. M. S. Blackett, on the other hand, put the emphasis on the need to do something very quickly to raise the level of food supplies substantially in India and elsewhere. He also pointed out that it could be misleading to suggest that there ought to be a bigger development effort in agriculture at the expense of industry. No successful agricultural programme could be carried out, he asserted, without adequate industrial development, and he instanced the example of the fertilizer problem in India. The Indian consumption of fertilizer per acre of land is just about one-hundredth of what it is in Japan, and it will need a lot of new industrial plants producing many millions of tons of sulphate of ammonia to raise the level of Indian husbandry. He suggested as an immediate target that the Indians should produce at least five times as much fertilizer as at the moment.

All this points back to the proposition that the North American food surpluses could play a vital part in pushing forward the next

stage of development in Asia. For it is extremely likely that there will be a delay of some years before the pace of progress in agriculture begins to match that of industry. In a sense the industrial revolution is much easier to achieve than the agricultural revolution: modern industry imposes its own disciplines on people through the very processes of production. It is impossible to reject these disciplines without rejecting industry itself. That is not true of agriculture: it is perfectly possible to carry on with traditional methods plus small improvements, and to get by. The big change can only come through a positive act of will, when someone from outside induces the peasants, by persuasion or by compulsion, to move faster than their natural pace.

Initiating an Intellectual Ferment

But how do you initiate the intellectual ferment which makes a traditional society change its nature of its own accord? Here there was a deep difference of opinion among those taking part in the discussion. All of us were impressed by the case of Japan, where universal compulsory education was introduced in the eighteen-eighties, with explosive effects on the country's productive power a couple of decades later. But is this the only way forward? After all, the original British industrial revolution—the first of its kind—took place on an extremely narrow educational base. Do you need more than the makings of a class of educated technicians and managers—a minority, in other words—in order to get the ferment working powerfully? Mr. Zinkin was definite that the road to development lay through universal literacy. He told the story of two Indian villages next door to one another whose development he had observed over a period of twenty years. 'The same people, the same sort of land, the same sort of land ownership; but one of them had a school for twenty years, the other hadn't. The one with a school was a different world: less superstition, far more advanced in agriculture, far more willing to accept new ideas, a totally different outlook on life'. He added: 'I don't say they were nicer people, but they were economically much more efficient'.

Professor Blackett and Mr. Belloch were much less convinced that it was necessary to blanket the target with a system of universal literacy in order to get decisive results. Professor Blackett suggested that what was necessary was to educate the 10 or 15 per cent. of the population which fulfils the guiding technological role, and he quoted Professor Arthur Lewis in support of the view that we had sometimes made the mistake of going all out for universal literacy 'before we have filled the technological 10 to 15 per cent.'. My own personal view in this matter is very much in sympathy with Professor Blackett's 'technological élite' principle. I do not in any case think that we can wait the many years that it takes to achieve universal literacy in order to raise the level of production by very large amounts in the under-developed world. The population explosion compels us to find some way of going forward at a much faster pace.

Possible Role of Unesco

This need for technical acceleration applies to all sorts of fields, including education itself. We are inclined to take everything at the sort of pace that was found appropriate to the development of the Western world—and to assert, moreover, that this has produced standards of excellence which the present under-developed countries cannot afford to do without. But there are all sorts of new techniques of accelerated teaching which we have hardly begun to exploit. In the course of an exchange with Mr. Belloch about the possible role of Unesco in this process, I suggested that there ought to be a conscious drive for an intellectual speed-up in the under-developed world, using the whole paraphernalia of films, reading machines and other devices for teaching simple techniques, radio and television—all designed to concentrate the scarce teaching talent available on the problem of inducing the intellectual upheaval in the under-developed world that is a prerequisite for a rapid move forward. In this connexion all the people taking part in the discussion agreed that there was an important place for the young western intellectual of today if he were enrolled—perhaps for a year or two's voluntary service on the lines of President Kennedy's Peace Corps—as a technological missionary in the under-developed countries.

That is not to say that technical aid or any of the other devices for inducing an intellectual change are in any sense a substitute for the massive infusion of capital from abroad that these poor countries need in order to get ahead fast. But money by itself will not do the trick, any more than spiritual change by itself will do it—at any rate fast enough. Yet it is interesting that Mr. Zinkin took the view that 'probably the single thing that inhibits the Indian economic advance in the countryside most is the habit of spending an enormous sum on the major ceremonies'. A wedding

ceremony, he said, costs a year's income, and in many places a funeral or a birth ceremony for a son may cost between three months' and six months' income. He suggested that if people could be induced to spend less on these things there would be a quick and impressive advance in agriculture. But the only people who are likely to be able to persuade them to change their ways are members of their own group, persons whom they feel they can easily trust. The cultural outsider has a role, but it is essentially a subsidiary one.

Americans Red and White

By ROBIN CRICHTON

THERE are over a hundred Indian tribes in the United States, and there is among them a great diversity in culture and language, and a wide range of difference in living standards and conditions. What is common to them all to varying degrees is the pressure of 'westernization':

the melting-pot process, of which we hear so much, both invites and demands conformity to White American standards, habits, and patterns. Since 1924 all Indians have been full citizens of the United States, and so they are not in any way restricted to their reservations but may come and go as they please and live wherever they wish. In spite of this, some tribes have retained a strong sense of their separate identity, which others certainly have not. Some reinforce the American pressure by their own conscious will to forget or deny their

Indian origin; others cling to it defiantly, and within most tribes both these reactions are to be found.

I wanted to know what accounted for these differences, and especially what was behind the resistance of the non-conformers when it would seem that they are so plainly doomed to ultimate absorption. It would take a lifetime to make an adequate study. In each case there would be important differences of historical, geographical, economic, and social circumstances; and the study of social change even in one group is a complex and lengthy matter. I had only a few weeks and little experience of fieldwork, but it seemed to me that it might prove worth while to visit two tribes. One had a long history of westernization and close contact with white culture, the other was in a process of rapid transition from traditional to western ways. They were both small tribes of the eastern woodlands, each having about 500 members living on the reservation.

First I went to the Tuscaroras, an Iroquois people settled near Niagara. These are some of the most westernized of Indians still living on a reservation. Nowadays no one is able to speak the Tuscarora language and all the old songs and dances are forgotten. The standard of living is much the same as might be found in any white American community, and most of the people live in modest, wooden, two-storey houses. With the exception of a few farming families, the majority of Indians work off the

reservation, mainly as construction workers, since they have the reputation of being naturally endowed with a good head for heights. Those employed off the reservation have to pay income tax, but what they lose in this way they regain by turning their lands into caravan parks for whites working on the nearby Niagara Power Project.

Education usually ends at high school level. The school on the reservation caters for children up to sixth grade, while the children in the sixth to twelfth grades mix with white children and go to the local school in Niagara.

There has been a good deal of inter-marriage between whites and Tuscaroras in the past; there are still a few distinctly Mongoloid faces to be seen, but many of the people are physically indistinguishable from white people. They are aware of the basic differences which, although small, still

exist between Tuscarora and white, but many Indians through their marital ambitions are reluctant to demarcate between white American and Indian. They want to identify themselves with white culture, and do so by their manners, dress, and way of life, and above all by their rejection of the traditional elements in everyday life. It is only when they feel threatened from the outside that they remember that they are Tuscarora as opposed to white, and it would appear that even these ties are essentially based on ideas of local community rather than any traditional culture.

The original matrilineal clans, with their system of heredity and descent passing from mother to daughter, have little meaning today. Similarly the tribal council though still based, as in traditional times, on an electoral system, has today little influence in reservation and tribal affairs. It seems that the essential reason why most of the people choose to stay on the reservation is that they have tax relief. Were this not so it is likely that the Tuscarora reservation would rapidly disintegrate, and all that would remain would be a few farming families.

The second people I went to visit, however, the Mesquawkies, who live in the woodlands of Iowa, were a very different case. For them the process of change from traditional to western ways was in a much earlier stage. Until thirty years ago, most of them were still living in *wickiups*—dome-shaped dwellings made of bent poles and covered with bark or cat-tail mats. Originally used only



Baptist mission church of the Tuscaroras, North American Indians of the Iroquois tribe settled near Niagara

as portable homes during the nomadic winter hunts, these had come to replace the traditional rectangular bark houses which were common to both Tuscarora and Mesquawkie, as permanent all-the-year-round dwellings. The last *wickiup* was abandoned as a permanent home in 1956 and nowadays they live in ordinary frame houses. Clothing is the same for every day as that of their white neighbours, but Indian costumes are still lovingly made and preserved, to be worn for the annual pow-wow and for clan festivals and ceremonies. The Mesquawkie language is still the first language learned by the child and is the language spoken in the homes, although English has become adopted at an increasingly early age.

The second world war opened up the possibilities of jobs for Indian labour in the towns, and this instituted a drift away from the settlement, so that today, out of the 750 members of the tribe, 230 live off the settlement, employed mainly in industry in the surrounding towns. Most of those still living on the settlement have jobs in nearby towns, usually as construction or factory workers, and sometimes travel as much as fifty to sixty miles to and from work every day. Although many of them carry it on as a spare-time occupation, the traditional livelihood of farming is no longer really profitable: the acreage of the farms is too small to be economically worth while. So since the war English has become the language used at work.

Then, the education policy of the American Government is something that has also affected the Mesquawkies. After centuries of resistance, they generally, if somewhat begrudgingly, recognize that their way of life is changing, and that if their children are to have good jobs off the settlement they must have a white education. Like the Tuscaroras, the Mesquawkie children are educated at the white-staffed school on the settlement up to sixth grade. After sixth grade they have to go to the local public school in the neighbouring white town of Tama, and there they mix with white children and learn to behave according to the norms of white culture. This is part of the federal policy of putting the Indians into the melting pot with all the other races in North America. There is therefore a marked division between the post-war generations who have been educated in English and have adopted a good deal of white culture, and the pre-war generations who have not.

The Young People Rebel

The young people on the settlement see opportunity only in the outside world and, since most families have cars to enable them to get to and from work, they have easy access to the towns where they prefer to take their amusement, rather than staying on the settlement as their parents did and still do. There is a lack of understanding between the older generations and the younger, since the children are accepting values and ways of life which the older people have never known and do not understand. The young people are in rebellion against the old ways, and their parents do not know how to control them: their culture makes no allowance for these things. This process of change is a difficult one, for almost everyone desires progress, the younger generations at a faster rate than the old, and yet, even so, all are unwilling to varying extents to relinquish the past entirely. The situation is perhaps best illustrated by the story of an Indian boy who went to school in Montana. His tribe was one of the last few to wear their hair long, and at the school he found that all the white children had crew-cuts. This presented him with a problem, since while he wanted to be a part of the school community and conform to their ways, he was also proud to be a part of his Indian community at home. So, in the end, he struck on a solution and had the front half of his scalp crew-cut while he kept his hair long at the back. In some such way the modern young Mesquawkie has two languages and two cultures and with them two separate ways of thinking.

The problem is apparent in sexual relations. In the old Mesquawkie culture, pleasant relations between the sexes were merely one aspect of pleasant relations between human beings. It was a commendation to have such remarks passed as 'Everybody likes him. He's always having affairs with women'. Sex is an incident in the happy life of the individual, and as such Indian morality allowed for a certain degree of sexual experimentation. Sex morality had not the same importance socially as it has in white

society, and if an illegitimate child resulted it was automatically adopted into the family of the girl's parents. But nowadays there is a certain degree of social stigma associated with an illegitimate birth, since Indian girls, in revolt against the traditional ways of life, are psychologically much more prone and certainly have many more opportunities to be attracted by a white boy. It is likely that he is only interested in her sexually and the resulting child is marked *breed*, neither white nor Indian, and while being a part of both systems is never entirely accepted into either.

Return from College

A relatively high percentage of Mesquawkie children complete their high school work and go on to further education in colleges and universities. These young people come home to the settlement as rarely and for as short a time as possible, and in many cases they consider themselves white and dislike admitting their Indian blood, and only refer to it when pressed by way of a joke. In their case the process of social change is virtually complete and they are the same as any other white American citizen. The people on the settlement in turn view them as 'outsiders', as they do the children of tribe members who have been brought up in the surrounding towns. These children usually speak only English and in many cases are described as 'wild' when they return to the settlement at weekends because they do not conform to some of the traditional Mesquawkie rules of behaviour, and local children are forbidden to play with them.

The essential feature of Mesquawkie political organization, and the reason why a white American system is not merely alien but repugnant to the older generation and the traditionalists, is that just as their life is essentially communal on the settlement so is their way of thought. The idea of competition between individuals for wealth or position is completely foreign to them; it is against their way of thinking to delight in any situation where the individual stands alone and has the better of his fellows. For this reason they continue to live in a much humbler way than they could afford on the modest salaries many of them earn; for the same reason the local policeman is always a white man. Since the death of the last chief in 1918, the tribal council of seven elected members has to some extent been leaderless, for although the secretary of the council theoretically occupies this position, he is prevented from putting his authority into practice by the knowledge that if he were to do so he would be going against the traditional sanctions of Mesquawkie culture, and so would achieve little except a personal unpopularity. It is rather more a case of factions in the council trying to win over to their side the government agent, since he is an authority which they can accept, and as an outsider he is also a scapegoat whom they can blame if things go wrong. He sits in on council meetings and works with them on tribal and government matters. It is he who settles their outside disputes and he has the right of veto over their decisions—a right, however, which is virtually never resorted to. It is a decisive factor in channelling the direction of this process of change that the virtual leader of the people should be the white authority.

Mystical Fours

What lies behind this attitude of non-assertion among the Mesquawkies? Their distrust of pride or pushfulness and sense of the humble place of the individual is their traditional spirit worship, which is still the most widely practised religion on the settlement. The tribe is divided into five clans, and each has its own longhouse, a rectangular log hut used for religious ceremonies, and acts as host to the other clans, providing food for the feast four times a year. Four is a number of mystical significance. There are four seasons in the year, and four times of day; there are four sacred packs and four feasts in the year. During the ceremonies everything is done in fours. There are four sessions of dancing and four of praying and eating. The ceremony lasts all day and takes place inside the longhouse. The women and children sit two deep on the carpet-covered shelves along the walls. Most of the men occupy the floor space and everybody is in traditional costume. The priest or priestess authorizes the lighting of the fire in the centre of the floor. Above it cooking pots are suspended on chains from a beam and the smoke escapes



Squaw shelter of a Mesquawkie longhouse, with the cooking hearth in the centre

Photographs: Robin Crichton

through a hole in the roof, carrying the offerings of the people to the gods. The priest has no supernatural powers. These are attributed only to the medicine man who receives supernatural guidance for mixing herbs and divining witchcraft through visions which he receives by fasting and concentration on the expected visitation. A dog is brought into the longhouse and prayers are made to it, before it is ceremonially killed and carved up to be cooked by the fire. These portions are eaten in the form of a sacrament. The head of the dog is of particular importance since it contains the soul, which will convey the prayers of the people to the gods. Dog meat is supplemented by other meat, particularly chicken, and offerings of sacred tobacco are also made.

The whole ceremony is dominated by the beating of the sacred drum played by the eight leading male members of the clan, who also lead the chanting, and this is accompanied by the shaking of heavy wooden gourds or rattles to the same rhythm. Everything used in the ceremony is reserved for such usage alone—even the great cooking pot and the ceremonial ladle and stirrer. Tied to the rafters are the sacred packs of the original ancestors of the clan, black and brittle with age. Dancing is perhaps the Indians' most important means of expression and this features largely in the ceremonies. By Indian logic, the spirits will like what men like, and if men like dancing, so will the spirits. Like exotic birds the moccasined feet of the dancers peck at the ground twice with the toe and once with the heel, while the head and body jerk with the music, raising, tilting, or lowering slightly with every beat. The men round the drum chant as the dancers move with the soft yet emphatic bird tread, bodies inclined a little forward. Then suddenly the rhythm stops and the dancers straighten up for a pause before the pulsating beat continues. For hours and hours it goes on.

A second religion amongst the Mesquawkies is the Peyote cult, which is common to Indians throughout America. The peyote cactus bean is imported from New Mexico where the cult originated. The members of this cult are the Indians most hostile to the whites, and most of them speak little if any English. The peyote bean is made into tea which is passed round as a sacrament. This is accompanied by a metal drum, filled with water to give it a finer tone and played by a group of older men in the cult. The effect of the tea is to give peculiar sensations of levitation and brilliant colour images. It is said to produce a strong effect, either of ultimate despair or of release from all inadequacy and insecurity. There is no physical disturbance or erotic excitation. The ceremony is a dignified one, lasting all night, and it takes place in a large *wickiup*. The visions experienced during the peyote trance constitute its appeal and religious authority. Although the Peyote cult is new, the importance of visions is an inherent part of Mesquawkie culture.

The Mesquawkie attitude as a whole to Christianity is that it is a religion for the white people and all very well for them,

but that the Indian was never meant to be a Christian. There has been a Presbyterian mission on the edge of the settlement for about 100 years, but the membership is small and the congregation is essentially one of children.

The Mesquawkies present a striking contrast to the first tribe I visited, the Tuscaroras, who, when they returned to their burned out homes after the war with the British of 1812, decided instead of rebuilding their clan longhouses to build a Baptist church. The Tuscaroras have lost their language, the vehicle of a way of thought, and they have lost their traditional religion, which perhaps more than any other institution in the case of the Mesquawkies has served to embody their cultural values and way of life. In possibly one generation's time the Mesquawkies will have English as their primary language and probably Christianity as their professed religion; they may be as westernized as the Tuscaroras, who today are much the same as any white American.

It would seem a pity if all the aspects of Mesquawkie culture were to be swept aside.

In many respects their way of life has means of dealing satisfactorily with certain situations where our own fails—for example, they have no 'old folks' problem' since they have a system of adoption which avoids the possibility of unwanted and lonely old people. But with the Mesquawkies, as with all the other red Americans, white America is bound to win out in the end; the new immigrant American will win against the original and only indigenous culture, which has been entirely foreign to it.

—Third Programme

Independence for Tanganyika

IN 'FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT' DOUGLAS WILLIS, B.B.C. special correspondent, described how the agreement about the independence of Tanganyika was greeted in Dar-es-Salaam: 'The constitutional progress of Tanganyika has been close to the extraordinary, but it has not been matched by the economic. Mr. Nyerere, the Chief Minister, would have preferred that all three British East African territories could become independent together, but Kenya is in a state of political confusion, and Uganda is riven by an African inability to accept a national political rule which would conflict with the traditional administration in the hereditary kingdoms. Tanganyika, three or four years ago, was expected to be last on the list for independence; now it has turned out to be the first. It achieves internal self-government in May and full independence on December 28. There is no great jubilation at the prospect, but Mr. Nyerere, however much he might have liked to, could not slow down the pace. The pressure of his political rivals would have been too great. Their influence at the moment is negligible, in face of the monolithic and powerful Tanganyika African National Union over which Mr. Nyerere presides, but the call has been for *Uhuru* (freedom), and this must now be accepted with all its responsibilities.

'There is no doubt that the Africans, politically, are capable of governing the country, but they cannot administer it. There are some areas of the country where a handful of Europeans are looking after the interests of hundreds of thousands of Africans. They have an authority, based on an accepted British system, and many of them have years of experience which Africans lack, and which they cannot be taught other than by experience in the passage of time. These Europeans have been upheld by a British-dominated Government in Dar-es-Salaam. The hope is that the new African Government will give them the same support. There is little question at the moment that it will, but these Europeans are demanding guarantees which will ensure that they will have somewhere to go to should they be displaced by Africans, which is the professed goal of Mr. Nyerere and his colleagues. The Europeans want to stay, but they are demanding a continuance of the ethics of government such as they have now. They also need assurance that law and order can be maintained'.

The Listener

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The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Distributors, Inc., New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

The Bad New Days

IF Miss Wedgwood were not far too nice a person to engage in fierce public controversy, one might suspect that her talk 'In Defence of Sightseeing', which we publish on another page today, was an answer to an article by Sir Herbert Read that appeared in this paper last January entitled 'Tourism Unlimited'. For Sir Herbert was much exercised by the thought that tourism as it has now developed was defiling nature and suffocating art. He would have liked, if he could, to retreat into a world of more leisurely travel and more exclusive holidays abroad. Maybe in our hearts most of us who admire what is beautiful sympathize with his feelings and like to imagine ourselves to be an Edward Gibbon or some fledgling lord of the seventeenth century staying where he liked as long as he liked and tended by a clerical tutor or an agreeable hostess and plenty of servants. Sir Herbert reminded us how even at the beginning of the present century, for example, Olympia in Greece was visited annually by not more than a hundred scholars, whereas in a modern August it may be swamped by many hundreds of visitors every day.

Nowadays even the adventurous traveller moving about on his own can hardly hope to avoid the crowds. For they are the product of our affluent society and march beneath the victorious banner 'holidays with pay'. And as Miss Wedgwood points out, the famous beauties of art and nature have long ago all been found out and labelled, so that if we wish to see them, we cannot expect to see them alone. If it is the Sistine chapel, or the Mona Lisa in the Louvre, or the Hermes of Praxiteles at Olympia, or merely the battlefield of Waterloo, others will be sure to be gazing at them open-mouthed as well as our more cultivated selves. And indeed there are now places which it is not so easy to visit with a reasonable degree of comfort unless a booking has been made through an established tourist agency. For good hotels, like famous beauty spots, cannot be kept secret and are noted by the professional couriers.

There is not perhaps after all so much that is so very new about the present situation. The organized charabanc tour has been with us for forty or fifty years and indeed was more of a boon in the days before the cheap private motor-car than it is now. The British middle classes have never been gregarious and have always sought that quiet little spot for their holidays that nobody else has ever found and have enjoyed many a caustic word about the organized tourists enjoying their bottles of beer on some foreign soil that is forever England (even though the professor and the schoolmistress may not be above seeking a pot of English tea for themselves). The answer, as Miss Wedgwood rightly says, is to cultivate a technique of patience and detachment. For contrary to general belief, it is possible to grow more tolerant as one grows older. It is sad that some young people will enjoy themselves in such a dreadfully vulgar way, but what can one do? This is the age of the common man, whether in the communist states or in the so-called liberal democracies. And, after all, it need not be only the bourgeoisie who recognize the highest when they see it. Others after Mr. Raymond Williams's *Long Revolution* is completed may learn to do so too and even remember ultimately to place their ice-cream cartons in the receptacles provided for them.

What They Are Saying

Shifts of emphasis

AFTER PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S meeting with Mr. Macmillan an article in the Chinese Communist press repeated that the Laotian question must be settled by the Laotians themselves, with guarantees provided by an enlarged Geneva conference, and warned Seato and the U.S.A. not to play with fire. On the day when the communiqué about the Seato conference at Bangkok was published the main item in most Peking newspapers and news bulletins was Foreign Minister Chen-yi's visit to Indonesia. Mr. Chen-yi's views about Laos also received wide publicity.

Peking radio, however, reported the Pathet Lao's appeal to the troops of the Boun Oum Government to stage a *coup d'état*. The North Vietnamese Foreign Ministry said there must be a Geneva conference to find ways of ending United States intervention in Laos. Hanoi radio broadcast a commentary under the title 'Kennedy has thrown off the mask'.

East German broadcasts were even harsher about the Americans. Deutschlandsender said that Laos was the 'ideal base for aggression' against China and Vietnam and lent itself 'almost as well as West Berlin for the unleashing of a world war'. For months, it went on, the United States had ignored the Soviet proposal for an international conference 'because the military situation seemed favourable to them. But now that their puppets are in bad trouble . . . Kennedy suddenly talks about negotiations'.

Soviet comment on Laos dwindled away as the tension lessened, though there was still no reply then from Moscow to the British proposal for a cease-fire. On this the *Melbourne Herald* observed:

By withholding his reply for two or three days, Mr. Khrushchev can weaken the importance of Seato in Asian eyes and direct attention to the Warsaw Pact meeting of communist nations as the more effective group. Whatever the outcome in Laos, Seato and the rest of the Western defence concepts for Asia are revealed by this crisis as needing drastic overhaul.

Soviet foreign broadcasts began to concentrate again on criticisms of Western Germany and Nato, claiming that the worldwide campaign against nuclear armaments was growing stronger. Moscow radio carried a despatch from its Geneva correspondent, who argued that France's continuance of atomic tests complicated the nuclear talks and would, if persisted in, render pointless any agreement to ban tests.

Peking newspapers devoted a great deal of space to the All-African People's Conference in Cairo and Chinese interests in Africa. In his speech at the opening, President Nasser called for greater African unity to combat the united forces of imperialism which, he said, were infiltrating behind the flag of independence and the flag of the United Nations. He went on:

It is painful that the ships which daily sail from the Congo loaded with the richest minerals—diamonds and uranium—cannot carry to its miserable people a few grains of wheat so that we may not hear about the death of thousands from famine.

Baghdad radio broadcast a proclamation by the Military Governor-General, which said that the Iraqi taxi-drivers' strike against an increase in the petrol tax, as well as acts of hooliganism in public vehicles, had been inspired by 'imperialist lackeys and agents' serving foreign interests.

A Tass despatch by the agency's New York correspondent dealt with the alleged prevalence of 'medieval obscurantism' in American religious propaganda, especially in broadcasting. It was by no means uncommon, the writer said, to hear such matters discussed as the speed at which angels travel from heaven to earth, the 'futility of medicine' and the 'distracting influence of science'.

The *Washington Post* was sympathetic about the difficulties Mr. Wedgwood Benn has encountered in trying to renounce his peerage. It wrote:

In British politics nobility is an almost fatal handicap. . . Britain, in sum, has become intolerably democratic and our suggestion to Mr. Benn is that he come to this country where there is still a decent respect for aristocratic titles.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

A BOY'S VIEW OF THE FENS

'WE DID NOT ACTUALLY live in the Fens when I was a boy', said JOHN SALTMARSH in 'Fenland Miscellany' (Midland Home Service). 'We lived just out of them, on the high land: it must have been nearly thirty feet above sea level. And I do not think we should have altogether liked it if anyone had called us Fen people. The Fen people were different from us: almost a different race. They were rather uncivilized, in some ways, *we* thought. We told stories about them, like the story of the servant girl out of the Fens, who took a place in the high land, and then suddenly gave notice.

"But why, Mary? Don't you like the place? Don't you like the food?"

"Oh no, mum! 'Tain't the place and it 'ain't the food. It's the water, mum. It 'ain't got no taste to it!"

'We thought them rather dangerous people down in the Fens, dark, and inscrutable, and suddenly violent. There was that story of the men, not far away, and it was *in* the Fens: how they suddenly all set on their village policeman one night, and ran him from one end of the village to the other, and in the end they ran him up a tree, and they kept him there, sitting in the branches, all night. "Of course", people said, "that's only what you've got to expect from them chaps. They're half of them old French Huguenots, that's what they are!"

'Although we did not live *in* the Fens, we could see them from places almost everywhere. And we could see them well from the top of the windmill, and Ely Cathedral a long way off, looking like a great masted ship out to sea. That, I think, was what the Fens meant most to a boy living on the edge of them: space, they meant: great distances, great expanses, the great wide skies above them: and landmarks, too. Not many landmarks, but those there were standing out boldly above the level, like Ely Cathedral: far away landmarks, like islands across the sea.

'Islands they were, some of them, or they had been long ago: islands of high land in the undrained fen. One I remember especially: a big, bold bluff—or so it seemed to a boy brought up in that fenland landscape—crowned by a line of poplars far away across the level: one could see it for miles and miles around. I saw it often, from the top of the mill; and I often tried to reach it. But I never got there.

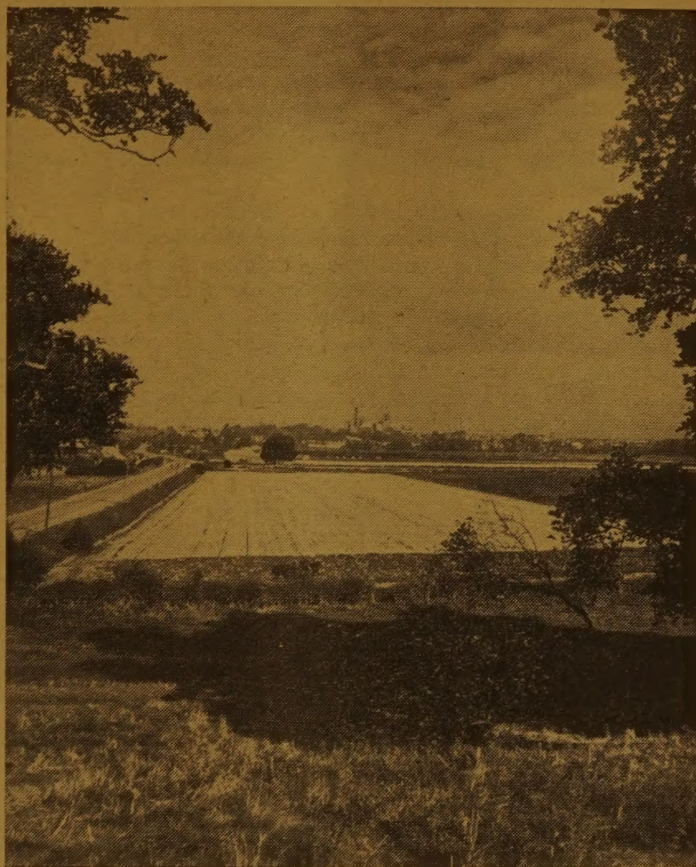
'When I look back now, it always seems to have been summer when I made those expeditions into the fen: hot summer afternoons, wide blue empty skies, stillness and loneliness, the sun beating down, a silence one could almost hear. And as far as one could see there would be nobody at all: just the huge level field all round one—those fields where the green summer corn grew so much taller than it did at home and where everything seemed to be growing, lush and long, in that moist black earth. And there seemed to be living things all around: little blue butterflies, insects creeping at the roots of the tall grass, frogs and newts in the ditches, things creeping and crawling everywhere'.

HIS OLD DUTCH

'Albert Chevalier was called "the costers' laureate"' said DAVID ROBINSON in a talk in the Home Service, 'which is rather ironic, because he was neither a coster nor a cockney, and I do not think he even considered himself a music-hall performer, but rather a legitimate actor.

'Chevalier was born 100 years ago, at 21 St. Ann's Villas, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill. It is a comfortable, middle-class residence, in a slightly absurd red-brick mock gothic. His father was French, and his mother was Welsh. As a youth he worked for a while as a clerk, but he seems to have given most of his energies to amateur theatricals.

'He obtained his first professional engagement in 1877, when he was sixteen, and during the next fourteen years he enjoyed—or endured, as the case might be—the ups and downs of most aspiring young actors. He was sensitive, intelligent, and con-



Ely Cathedral, a far-away landmark, seen across the level expanses of field in the Fens

J. Allan Cash

scientious. Physically, he was shortish, inclined to be plump, and with a rather large head; but he had a splendidly versatile voice, a fine command of gesture, and mercurial features. In the eighteen-eighties he tried his hand at opera, had a shot at management, and began to write his own plays, songs, and sketches.

'In February 1891 Chevalier reluctantly agreed to appear at the London Pavilion. Friends warned him that it would be social suicide, and that he would "never get his nose inside a theatre again". For his own part he was terrified. He recalled standing at the back of the circle, watching Bessie Bellwood exchanging back-chat with the audience. In panic he turned to the managing director of the Pavilion. "You've made a big mistake", he said. "They'll never listen to me. I shall be a dire frost". But his three songs that night were a huge success, and he was overwhelmed with offers of music-hall engagements.

'His biggest success came in January 1893, when he returned to the Tivoli from a provincial tour, bringing with him a new song, *My Old Dutch*, which he claimed to have written under a street-lamp in Clerkenwell, having lost his way in a Victorian pea-soup fog.

'Curiously enough, the first night of the song was not all smooth going. At the Tivoli they were ecstatic; but when he sang it at the



Albert Chevalier singing *The Coster's Serenade*

Canterbury half an hour later (because at this period he was playing as many as five halls a night) a drunk made some sort of a disturbance, and he could not get a hearing. This was the sort of thing Albert Chevalier hated about the halls: they brought him fame and money, but he loathed the drinking and the rowdiness.

'After a couple of years on the halls, he saw a way of escape, and started a series of solo recitals, which he repeated season after season. At the Queen's Hall, presenting a family entertainment of character sketches, he felt he had found his element.

'The characters he created ranged from swells and vicars and *fin-de-siècle* aesthetes, to comic foreigners, waiters and yokels. Cockney characters formed only a fraction of Chevalier's repertoire, and they held no more interest for him than the rest of his work. But the music-hall audience always insisted: "Give us the old 'uns"."

'Why were his cockney songs so overwhelmingly popular? And why should Chevalier's fame have overshadowed that of the many other coster comedians who came before and after him—Walter Laburnum, Alec Hurley, even Harry Champion and Gus Elen? Chevalier's accent was not even an accurate rendering of the cockney of the day, while his costumes were deliberately prettified. On the contrary, as Sir Max Beerbohm put it: "He wove a network of romance about costermongers". The cockneys he portrayed were often as remote from real life as classical shepherds and shepherdesses. And it was exactly this romanticizing that his audience loved'.

HEYDAY OF THE DELTIOLOGIST

In the village hall of Alvechurch, in Worcestershire, there has just been an exhibition of picture postcards belonging to the village policeman, Police Constable Richard Thornton-Pett. MICHAEL BARRATT described the exhibition in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'I suppose', he said, 'picture postcards to many of us these days mean bulbous bathing belles, exclaiming that their costumes are a "swell fit", or something of the sort. Certainly you could find plenty of that saucy species among the 5,000 or so cards at this exhibition; but they looked rather tired and cheap against the astonishing variety of cards produced in the Edwardian heyday of the deltiologist—the pedant's name for a collector of postcards.

'In the eight years since a card from his fiancée began his collection, Mr. Thornton-Pett has gathered together cards from all over the world to make up the biggest exhibition of



—and an Italian card of c. 1905

postcards ever held in this country. Nobody knows their value, but there is no doubt that collectors would give a good deal of money for his Russian cards, for example, which include some historic mementos of the Revolution. Some of them take the form of miniature copies of *Izvestia*, including the front page of an emergency supplementary issue of March 3, 1917, which reports: "A representative from the Royal Guards arrived at the Duma and informed it that Nicolas II had abdicated the throne. Joy is beyond words".

'On the lighter side there is a huge collection of cards showing stage celebrities of yesterday: Gertie Gitana,

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Maude Allen in a costume for *Salome* which shocked her contemporaries, and Marie Studholme who, it seems, appeared on more postcards than all the queens of Europe put together. Another section on Edwardians in love shows the variety of opportunities the shy suitor had to drop a quiet hint through the post—and not always so quiet either, for all the propriety of the time. "Don't forget", says one demure damsel standing beside a comfy couch, "it holds two".

'The Great War gave fresh impetus to the craze for collecting cards. Tommy Atkins epitomizes patriotism, courage, and constancy of devotion for the girl



'Don't forget it holds two'

Three postcards from Mr. Thornton-Pett's collection: above an English postcard of 1903—

back home. Ships and the sea, trains and trams, war and peace, they are all reflected here, and they are mostly a nostalgic commentary on gayer, more colourful days gone by'.



'Now then—I'll tell Kitchener!'
—a British production of 1915—

THE JEWEL

'Her name was Topaz', said ELISABETH SHEPARD-JONES, in 'Woman's Hour' from Wales (Light Programme), 'and she was the best housekeeper I have ever had. If her name conjures up for you a picture of some delicate, dainty, golden creature, you will be quite wrong. She was a square, plain, solid, sensible-looking body in the late forties. But, if she did not look like a Topaz, she certainly had the soul of one: she was incurably romantic. In spite of a most unfortunate experience with her first husband, Topaz was determined to get herself a man. I doubt if she ever used a mirror, because she was quite convinced that she was a raving beauty who looked nearer thirty than fifty; and she often came back from visits to Cardiff with stories of how some stranger had tried to get off with her in St. Mary's Street, the

cheeky thing; or of how the conductor on the bus had remarked on her likeness to Diana Dors, the saucy pot.

'Imagine my surprise when she told me one day that she was engaged to be married. She was going to marry an Arab, whom she had met in Cardiff Docks. His name, she said, was Hamid; and when I asked her where he came from, she was quite indignant at my ignorance.

"He's an Arab", she said, "so he comes from Arabia". She then added: "He don't come from the jungly part, of course".

'They would have to be married in the mosque, she said, and Hamid said she was to be called Jewel of the East. It turned out that Hamid had three wives in Aden, and a score of children, so nothing came of that. Topaz took an aspirin when she heard the news, and lay down for the afternoon. The next week she ate the wedding cake at the house of friends in the docks, and proclaimed it "a smashing bit of what you fancy".

'From that moment on, she was more determined than ever to find herself a husband. And, unhappily for me, she did.

"He's a good catch, really", said Topaz, before she left; and then she used a mysterious phrase she often used to describe those better off than herself: "He's not without, you know". The only drawback—and Topaz smiled happily as she broke the news—was that he had been a bit weak in the head ever since a telegraph pole had fallen on him some years before'.

Liability for Unforeseeable Consequences

By A. L. GOODHART

THE case that bears the name *In re Polemis* is famous among all lawyers, whatever their field of interest. The reasons are not hard to find. The facts of the case were simple and dramatic; the law laid down was of general application; the soundness of that law has long been the subject of vigorous debate both in the law courts and in the law schools; and the title of the case has an attractive simplicity. But now, after some forty years of contentious life, *Polemis* is no more; to use a popular phrase, 'it has been done in' by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in *Overseas Tankship (U.K.) Ltd. v. Morts Dock & Engineering Co. Ltd.* (1961) 2 W.L.R. 126. I shall hereafter refer to it as the *Wagon Mound*, which was the title given to it when it was originally heard in the Supreme Court of New South Wales. In this funeral address, which is being delivered without regret, it will be convenient if I first discuss the chequered life history of *Polemis* and then consider the effect that the *Wagon Mound* has had on it.

A Case of World-wide Interest

Polemis, which was regarded as being of only minor importance when it was decided in 1921, has become of world-wide interest because it was later realized that it concerned certain fundamental legal principles. Just as in general history we sometimes find that those who make a decision may not, at the time, realize its significance, so in the law there are a number of decisions which may be said to have become of importance in retrospect.

In this case Mr. Polemis, a Greek shipowner, chartered his ship, the *Thrasyvoulos*, to the defendants who used it for the transport of petrol tins. Some of these leaked, with the result that the hold was filled with petrol vapour. While the ship was in port a number of heavy planks were put across a hatchway to help in the unloading. Owing to the negligence of one of the stevedores, who was employed by the defendant charterers, a plank fell into the hold. It struck a spark which ignited the petrol vapour with the result that the ship was completely destroyed.

Mr. Polemis's claim for damages was heard by three arbitrators. They found in the first place that the defendants' servants had been negligent in knocking down the plank, because a reasonable man would have foreseen that a heavy plank, falling a considerable distance, might cause some damage to the structure of the ship. But—and this is most important—they found in the second place that no one could reasonably have foreseen that the plank would strike a spark which would set fire to the petrol vapour. This latter finding of fact was undoubtedly a surprising one, for anyone who has ever worked in a garage will know how careful one ought to be against dropping any object because of the danger of fire. It was not possible, however, for the defendant charterers to dispute this in the Court of Appeal because that court was bound by the findings of fact made by the arbitrators. The point at issue in the Court of Appeal, therefore, was whether the charterers could be held liable for the destruction of the ship even though their employees, the stevedores, could not have foreseen that a fire might result from the fall of the plank.

The judgments in *Polemis* were brief, which is not surprising as the argument in the Court of Appeal had occupied less than two days. Counsel for the successful plaintiffs had cited only two cases in support of such wide liability. Their Lordships, therefore, relied on statements of general principle rather than on precedents. Lord Justice Warrington said:

The presence or absence of reasonable anticipation of damage determines the legal quality of the act as negligent or innocent. If it be thus determined to be negligent, then the question whether particular damages are recoverable depends only on the answer to the question whether they are the direct consequence of the act.

He was followed by Lord Justice Scrutton, who said:

In the present case it was negligent in discharging cargo to knock down the planks of the temporary staging, for they might easily cause some damage either to workmen, or cargo or the ship. The fact that they did directly produce an unexpected result, a spark in an atmosphere of petrol vapour which caused a fire, does not relieve that person who was negligent from the damage which his negligent act directly caused.

These two quotations show that the basis of the judgment was that if a person does a negligent act then he must be held liable for all the direct consequences of the act.

The Man who 'Starts Something'—

This seems to be a reasonable conclusion which has been summed up by Professor McLaughlin in the words: 'The idea is that the man who "starts something" should be responsible for what he has started'. It is probable that such an idea was accepted in most early legal systems. It is not surprising that this should have been the point of view at that time because it takes a certain degree of sophistication to distinguish between the consequences of a wrongful and of a non-wrongful act. A child that hurts itself by running into a door may instinctively kick the door, on the ground that it has caused its hurt. In early Greek law any thing that caused the death of a person was exiled. In England any thing that caused a death, however innocently, was called a deodand, and was forfeit to the king.

But the law as it developed gave up the conception that a man who 'starts something' should therefore be held liable. Such a principle would obviously place an undesirable handicap on action, because the only safe thing would be to do nothing. Gradually a new principle was substituted; it provides that, except in certain special circumstances, a man shall be liable only if he has acted wrongfully. He acts wrongfully if, without lawful excuse, he intentionally injures another person; or if, as a reasonable man, he ought to have foreseen that his act might injure another person, and he has not taken reasonable care to avoid causing that injury.

It is unnecessary to follow the gradual steps by which this principle was finally evolved because it was too firmly established to be questioned in *Polemis*. The question that the judges had to consider in that case was therefore the more limited one: assuming that the original act was wrongful, for what consequences of that act ought the wrongdoer to be held liable?

—and his Responsibility

At first sight it would seem to be obvious that a man ought to be held liable for all the consequences of his wrongful act. If a man has acted wrongfully, why should he be able to limit his liability? It seems to be only common sense to say that the loss which is the result of his wrongful act should fall on the wrongdoer and not on an innocent person. Such a principle would, however, be impractical because the results of a wrongful act may be infinite. In June, 1914, Gavrilo Prinzep, in a remote town in Bosnia, pulled the trigger of the gun that killed the Austrian Archduke. He thus began a chain of events which has altered the lives of every one of us. It would, however, be absurd for any legal system to hold him responsible for everything that has happened since then. No such unlimited liability was suggested in *Polemis*, for the judges realized that that would be irrational. The limit they suggested was to be found in the concept 'direct consequences'.

This idea of direct consequences is an attractive one, for all we have to do is to apply mechanical rules. Thus, in *Polemis* it is obvious that a direct consequence of the falling of the plank was the spark which set the vapour on fire. Unfortunately, however, this direct consequence rule is not always as simple as that.

Take the illustration of a man who is hit by a car, and, as a result, cannot sign an important contract the next day. Is this a direct consequence of the accident for which the driver ought to be held liable?

Moreover, there are consequences which cannot be described as direct but for which a wrongdoer will be held liable. Thus in *Stansbie v. Troman* (1948) 2 K.B. 48, the defendant, who had been employed to do some painting in the plaintiff's house, negligently left the front door unlocked when leaving the premises. A thief entered and stole some of the plaintiff's property. The court held that although the loss was not the direct consequence of the defendant's negligence, nevertheless he was responsible for it because it was carelessness on his part not to guard against the thief's act which he ought to have foreseen.

Enforced Dual Inquiry

The direct consequence rule therefore introduces far more uncertainty into the law than it purports to solve. It forces the court to embark on a dual inquiry, the first being whether the defendant was negligent in regard to certain reasonably foreseeable consequences, and the second being whether he is liable for other direct but unforeseeable consequences.

Strange to say there have been few cases in which *Polemis* has been discussed in the courts. The most important of these was *Thurogood's case*, (1951) 2 K.B. 537, in which the Court of Appeal reached the remarkable conclusion that the plaintiff could recover damages from the defendants because the defendants had done an act which might have, but did not, injure him in a foreseeable manner, but which did injure him in an unforeseeable manner. The court avoided any discussion concerning the principle involved by holding that it was absolutely bound to follow *Polemis*, whether that case was right or wrong.

With this background I can now turn to the *Wagon Mound*. By an extraordinary coincidence this also concerned an unforeseeable fire which destroyed a wharf and a ship. Some furnace oil, which the defendants were pumping into their steamship, the *Wagon Mound*, was negligently spilled into Sydney Harbour, with the result that the tide carried it to the plaintiffs' wharf about 500 feet away, where a ship was being overhauled. This work entailed the use of welding apparatus. When the plaintiffs' works manager saw the floating oil he issued instructions that no welding was to be done until further orders. He consulted the manager of the defendant shipping company who said that there was no danger, a conclusion which was also reached by an inspector of the Maritime Services Board. Unfortunately, this conclusion was wrong because in reaching it the managers and the inspector had overlooked the unique possibility that the oil could be fired by a burning wick. By the most astonishing bad luck this is what did happen, because when welding was begun again by the plaintiffs, a red-hot rivet, which fell from the wharf, must have set fire to some cotton waste which was floating on the oil and which was also partly submerged in it. When, later on, the cause of the fire was investigated, a distinguished scientist had to make nearly a hundred experiments before he could find a satisfactory explanation of how the fire had originated.

Reluctant Decision

On these facts the Supreme Court of New South Wales found that the oil had done some slight foreseeable damage to the plaintiffs' wharf by fouling the slipways. This damage could at most have amounted to a few pounds to cover the cost of removing the oil. On the other hand, the court found that the destruction of the wharf and of the ship by fire, which entailed damages probably amounting to more than £300,000, was totally unforeseeable. With great reluctance the court held that the defendants were liable for this unforeseeable damage to the wharf because it was bound by the *Polemis* case. Mr. Justice Manning said:

To say that the problems, doubts and difficulties, which I have expressed above, render it difficult for me to apply the decision in *Re Polemis* with any degree of confidence to a particular set of facts would be a grave understatement.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the unsuccessful defendants

appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. After an argument that lasted for more than a week that court allowed the appeal on the ground that *Polemis* had been incorrectly decided. Viscount Simonds said:

Just as there is no such thing as negligence in the air, so there is no such thing as liability in the air.

In other words liability is in respect of damage that is foreseeable and ought to have been guarded against, and no other. He concluded that:

To hold B [someone] liable for consequences however unforeseeable of a careless act, if, but only if, he is at the same time liable for some other damage however trivial, appears to be neither logical nor just.

The essence of the controversy can be found in the construction of the words 'negligent act'. Unfortunately, this is one of those portmanteau phrases which hides the fact that it covers various conflicting ideas. It suggests that an act has the general quality of being either negligent or not negligent. This, however, is not true because negligence depends on what the consequences may be. In the same way we cannot accurately speak of 'a cruel man', because he may be cruel to animals, but not cruel to persons. An act as such has not got a fixed quality; it can only be negligent if a reasonable man could foresee some particular harm. More than a hundred years ago Baron Bramwell said: 'There is no absolute or intrinsic negligence; it is always relative to some circumstances of time, place, or person'.

Employers' Power to Insure

This decision by the Privy Council will not be received with universal approval, as there are still those who say that as the unforeseeable damage must fall on either the plaintiff or on the defendant it ought to fall on the defendant who has been guilty of some negligence, even though there was no negligence in regard to the particular consequences. Similarly, there are also those who favour the insurance principle of liability, which is not unlike the doctrine of early law that he who 'starts something' should be held responsible. It is based on the argument that the manufacturer or other employer is in a position to insure against unforeseeable consequences, and that it is better that industry as a whole should bear the loss rather than the individual who has been injured. But if this argument is valid, then it would be far more reasonable to abolish tort liability entirely and substitute insurance for it.

Those who dislike the conclusion reached by the Privy Council in the *Wagon Mound* may still have a faint hope, because the decisions of the Privy Council are not binding on English courts, however persuasive they may be. It is, therefore, possible that if the question concerning liability for unforeseeable consequences should ever go to the House of Lords, that tribunal might reach a contrary conclusion and restore the *Polemis* doctrine. I myself do not, however, think that there is the least possibility that this will happen, for two reasons. The first is that a conflict between their Lordships sitting as the House of Lords and their Lordships sitting as the Privy Council would have a most unfortunate effect, because it has often been pointed out that it is most desirable that there should be a uniform common law in all the Commonwealth jurisdictions. Secondly, I believe that the conclusion reached by the Privy Council was right, both in law and in justice, and that, therefore, it will be sustained. In support of this let me conclude with a moot case. Smith gives Jones a slight push while trying to board an omnibus. As a result Jones drops a bottle of nitroglycerine which he was carrying in his hand. Can Jones's executor and the executors of Tom, Dick, and Harry, who were also trying to board the omnibus, recover damages from Smith's executor on the ground that he was legally responsible for their untimely deaths?—*Third Programme*

Lord Taylor, Medical Director of Harlow Industrial Health Service, with the assistance of a number of his colleagues, has written *First Aid in the Factory*, an up-to-date handbook on practical detailed care of the accidents which occur in industry, offices, shops, and warehouses. This Medical World Handbook is published by Longmans at 9s. 6d.

Britain's Changing Towns—VII

Exciting Possibilities of Modern Sheffield

By IAN NAIRN

THE four biggest cities in England are easily named: London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool. The fifth is not so easy. It is in fact Sheffield*, and it is typical of this exciting, exasperating city that it never seems to assume its true importance. It has always been so: it is the capital of an area which exists in fact but not in administration—Hallamshire, or the missing South Riding. The main roads missed it, the main railway lines missed it. The Industrial Revolution gave it a character which is not quite Midland, not quite Yorkshire, not quite Pennine, yet at the same time kept the confused intricate market-town plan without making any kind of central gesture.

Why, then, include it in this series? First, because potentially Sheffield has one of the most exciting sites in England. It is all steep-sided hills running down to the Don and the Sheaf, with the Pennines away to the north-west and open hillsides within easy walking distance of the centre in two directions. And, secondly, because Sheffield is trying to do something about its lack of character. Without any doubt, the buildings put up in the last ten years and projected for the next twenty are as interesting and exciting as all the older buildings in the city put together; and this, for Britain, is quite an achievement.

Considering that Sheffield has been industrial and quietly prosperous for four centuries, its old buildings are something of a joke. In style after style there is the demure or the second rate. The cathedral is a sooty piece of Perpendicular, the chancel and central tower genuine, the nave a decent piece of nineteenth-century imitation. Here, also, the next twenty years is going to be more interesting than the last five hundred. A new nave is to be built across the present one, turning the existing chancel into a transept, designed by G. G. Pace, best known for his setting of Epstein's Christ in Llandaff Cathedral. It will, thank goodness, not be an imitation, though the baldness and blunt emphasis of Yorkshire Gothic is going to be echoed in the staccato patterns of the (liturgical) north wall, which will be an almost continuous window.

Georgian Sheffield is really confined to Paradise Square, just downhill from the cathedral, which illustrates the problem of the centre in a disarming way: demure brick houses, too many of them now warehouses, ranged round a small square and quite oblivious of the twenty-foot drop from north to south, the bland frontages taking up the slack as best they can, and the floor of the square—still nicely cobbled—leaning over at a crazy angle. It is like a formal space with a hangover.

The early nineteenth century has more to show: Sheffield doubled in size between 1800 and 1840, and set off up the hills

to the west at a surprising rate. The set-pieces are the Grammar School and a terrace called The Mount, both by the local architect William Flockton, both in a Grecian style that looks imposing in photographs but breaks down in reality into a matter of attaching classical details to a large mass, rather in the way that the National Gallery in London does, instead of being the inevitable expression of the internal rhythms of the design.

The best buildings from Sheffield's Industrial Revolution are

indeed industrial. They are a pair of factories near the junction of Green Lane (which most certainly isn't) and Penistone Road, north of the city centre. Both are at the stage where a little attention now would save a lot of anxiety later. One, Globe Works, dates from the late eighteenth-century and in fact is a nice example of Greek detail expressing internal rhythms, with its rapid, urgent alternation of plasters and segmental arches. Very sooty. The other is the entrance to the Green Lane Works built by Mr. Hoole at the same time as he became mayor, in 1860—he inscribed the fact with touching naïvety on the front, as if to say: 'Look at me, I'm mayor, and I've put up a new factory front too'. If he had not, one would be hard put to date the building: it really resembles the grandest



Sheffield City Hall: the small concert hall 'attached to one end, like an apse'

Ian Nairn

kind of arched Georgian stable entrance, with a cupola on top, bas-reliefs in panels, and a splendid trophy in the pediment, some of which is now, alas, missing. Its character is a very special blend of strength and elegance which goes well with knives and tempered steel, and it is a little reminder that an up-to-date style need not always be necessary for eloquent architecture.

And that, I'm afraid, is exactly the point made by Sheffield's best pre-war building. I suspect that it may not be an easy point to take, because the style is the Classical Re-Revival and the building is the City Hall designed in 1920 by Vincent Harris, the architect, among many other things, of the Air Ministry in Whitehall. I deplore the Air Ministry, and dislike the idea of putting fancy dress on twentieth-century buildings—but not as much as I dislike the idea that rules should not admit exceptions. The Sheffield City Hall is one of the exceptions; in this particular case the architect must really have felt the period style he was adopting. The difference that this makes can be seen by looking at the other big public building in the centre, the Town Hall built in the eighteen-nineties to the designs of E. W. Mountford, later the architect of the Old Bailey. This has its Franco-Flemish detail designed in just the right way, uses all the right decorative tricks, must have looked very fetching in presentation drawings—and is absolutely stone-cold dead as a building.

The City Hall is dourly and urgently alive. Vincent Harris had

* On the 1951 returns: since then it has been playing a strange statistical game of touch and go with Leeds, an earnest struggle between two cities which are anyway natural rivals.—I. N.

to provide two public halls; the large one is oval and the small one semicircular. The oval he enclosed in an almost windowless box, with lower sides for the attached offices (these, with their fussy detail, are a sharp come-down from the standard of the rest). The semicircle he attached to one end, like an apse, and made for it an extraordinary formal gesture, an absurdity only if 'function' is held to mean merely the satisfaction of physical requirements. Giant pilasters rise up above the hall and support a colossal curved entablature in mid-air. The effect is astonishingly grand, a sudden Piranesian spark among the welter of stylistic platitudes.

The City Hall faces a parking lot, shortly to be a big store. The Town Hall edges sideways on to a Peace Garden. Inconsequential streets connect them, always sloping away downhill. In a country whose towns are lumbered with far too many pointlessly formal gestures, a city of half a million has rambled into existence without a single one. It is not too late: more civic buildings are to be built east of the Town Hall, looking across the Sheaf valley, and the centre is small enough for the area inside the proposed Civic Circle road to be made largely pedestrian. The real disability is the saucer-like slope neither one thing nor the other, which pulls every effect off-balance, and the solution might be to have rigidly enclosed or walled-in pedestrian axes linking City Hall, Town Hall, and the new buildings, with the deliberate aim of shutting out the horizon except at selected viewpoints and resolving the slope into sequences of horizontal stretches and steps—a tight formal kernel within the shopping centre.

The idea of a largely pedestrian centre appeared in an article written last year by the City Architect, J. L. Womersley, and one of his assistants, Andrew Derbyshire. But much more than ideas has come in the last seven years from the City Architect's department, which is one of the liveliest and most imaginative in Britain. In any eastward view across the Sheaf, an immense irregular *bastide* of flats connected by bridges rises up on the hillside beyond: Park Hill—or rather, the first part of Park Hill; the second, just beginning now, will climb to the hill-top and complete

an immense city-within-a-city. To north-west and north-east, each hillcrest is getting its tower blocks and stepped terraces. The whole amorphous sprawl of an Industrial Revolution city is being given identity and pattern, while at the same time something rather like a New Town is being built on a lovely site in the Gleadless valley, three miles south-east of the centre. Aided by an enlightened housing exchange system, the result is that houses and flats are not irreconcilable alternatives but complementaries intended to be exchanged perhaps three or four times, as living circumstances alter.

Park Hill is undoubtedly a success. The experiment of housing a number of people really close to the city centre, and in one vast but comprehensible scheme, has paid off in a sense of community and initiative which is very heartening. Frankly, I am surprised as well as heartened, because from outside the flats look terrifying; towering slabs form a wall half a mile long, with fantastically busy surface patterns and drab colours which will not darken gracefully as the scarlet bricks of the old slum terraces did. *Pace* the Duke of Wellington, they may not frighten the inhabitants but they certainly frighten me. Inside the scheme, this feeling disappears; each flat has a glorious view of the centre of Sheffield, and the pigeon-hole effect of a big block is almost taken away by the brilliant use made of the street-decks. These are continuous walkways every three storeys, linking the blocks by bridges, providing a worth-while play-space for children and, to a surprising degree, a sense of personal identity and of having your own front door—something that is quite absent in a normal corridor. If only there could be a small shop or two in them!

There need be no reservations about the other major building done by the City Architect's department—the Retail Markets in Exchange Street, designed by Andrew Derbyshire. Like all of Sheffield, it has a sloping site; a simple concrete and glass exterior, with office space above, conceals an elegant dovetailing of two market floors with gaps in the upper floor to look down on the lower and a half-way level which runs into the pre-war meat and fish markets—a staggering perspective of hooks and flesh—

so that there is no rigid 'upper' and 'lower', with its consequences of popular and unpopular floors, but only a handful of steps which leads through another market on the way. Everything flows together, as it ought to, and shopping becomes a pleasure instead of a chore. And because it has been designed carefully and sensitively, life comes rushing up to meet it—as it always will, given the chance. One of the stalls has a selection of cheeses which would not disgrace Soho; people are shopping in the market who never went there before; stallholders are doing far better than they ever did before. All this, also, without ceasing to be a traditional market; one of the nicest things is the freedom left to the traders to put up their own signs in their own style, whether it is scrolly or spindly—the designer has been wise enough to know when to stop designing, the most difficult problem of all.

A gallery level, not yet open, will be connected by a first-floor bridge with the rebuilt Woolworth's, next door; if it could be continued through one more building it would come out at street level because of the slope. This is the germ of a brilliant idea for the whole valley, also elaborated by the City Architect in his article. Briefly, the Sheaf valley, already culverted and industrialized, could be roofed right over on one pedestrian level, with motor traffic underneath, linking Park Hill and the centre directly, and converting at long last the steep slopes of Sheffield into an advantage. Will it happen? It could, so easily, if the city wanted it to.

One more place near the centre of Sheffield needs to be looked at for its modern buildings. This is the University, which started with a typical agglomeration of recent academic buildings in every style with no Style. A competition was



Park Hill flats: bridges formed by street-decks passing from one block to the next

Ian Nairn

held in 1953 to give a comprehensive plan for addition and expansion, and it was won by the London firm of Gollins, Melvin, Ward and Partners, with a scheme which represented the first attempt in Britain to show that university architecture could be part of the twentieth century at all. In the end it is probably thanks to Sheffield that Churchill College will not be dressed up with pilasters and pediments.

Most of the scheme has yet to be built, but two parts are complete. One looks simple, but in fact must have required the most careful and sensitive adjustment of angles and street lines: a wrapping round of an elephantine existing chemistry block with simple curtain-walled buildings which take the eye up the curving street in an enchanting way, a model of the way the hillsides of our bombed cities—Bristol, especially—ought to have been rebuilt.

The other new building is the Library, and this by itself would be worth a special visit to Sheffield. From outside it is a squat white box, graceless with suppressed energy, in the way that if somebody is trying intensely hard to say something it often comes out awkwardly. The entrance is through an exciting play of mezzanine levels, used for exhibitions, then up a staircase leading to a big vestibule which seems a disappointment: where, after all, is the statement that was promised in the crouching intensity of the outside? It is there, all right: go down a short passage from the vestibule and it bursts on you with a bang. The main reading room is eighty feet wide, sixteen feet high, and fills the whole west side of the building, with three walls entirely glass and the ceiling painted white. It is acoustically without echoes, so that each sound is precise and cut off, and it is filled with the elegant nervous lines of modern reading desks and chairs: seventy-six tables, 280 places. The effect is extraordinary, like actually being part of one of Brueghel's snow scenes. And just as the horizon and sky in Brueghel are a judgment on the multifarious antics



Plan for development of Sheffield University by Gollins, Melvin, Ward and Partners: on the right is the existing chemistry block with its new additions (already built); behind, the arts block (in course of erection); to the left of it, the library (already built)

going on in the foreground, so this austere space is a judgment on the various academic antics needed to take a degree. Beowulf and biochemistry rub uneasy shoulders, whilst this proud, moral room puts them both in a deeper perspective, seeming to make a comment, to staff and students alike, on the difference between knowledge and wisdom.

If you like, this is just a subjective fantasy erected on the simple spatial fact of a lot of small desks in a large light room. But if it persuades anybody to go to see what on earth I am talking about, it will have served its purpose. Not enough people do go; and perhaps for the first time in its history there are beginning to be things in Sheffield really worth visiting. At the same time it is about to become part of the main national transport routes—when the northern extension of the M1 is finished—for the first time in its history. Sheffield could become the boom town of the nineteen-sixties; if it does, its prosperity may be matched by the most exciting new town centre in Britain.

Two Poems

Town Planning

The plover cries in air
For the town has grown
And hatched its brick cottages
Amongst the stone

Where young lambs danced
By grave faced sheep,
Five hundred pretty housewives
Wake and sleep.

Nine months later,
And not one day more,
There's a new baby-carriage
By each front door.

Five hundred children
And the nappies to dry—
The housewives gossip,
Grow old and die.

Overhead the plover,
Like the moon apart,
Tells his lonely knowledge
Of the human heart.

DAVID CAMPBELL

A Lady

Now to invade her open house
Come blundering moth and giant mouse,
The seashell rollers in her ear
Blur voices that were once too clear,
And in the attic the cold stars
Shine through the splintered laths and spars.

Yet when she walks about her lawns
She walks with peacocks and with fawns,
Though she is foolish still to wear
These silks that the red brambles tear,
And to repeat absurd commands
No gardener hears or understands.

MICHAEL MOTT

In Defence of Sightseeing

By C. V. WEDGWOOD

THERE is a difference between sightseeing and just looking at things. By sightseeing I do not mean walking past, or through, the sights which are obligatory for tourists, in a crowd—and possibly also in a stupor. Once in a hotel at Granada I overheard a plaintive middle-western voice uplifted in despair. 'I can't remember a thing', said this voice, 'I can't remember a thing since Grenoble'. The speaker

undertaking was designed to 'improve the mind'. This, I think, is what distinguishes genuine sightseeing and the genuine sightseer: there must be a certain strenuousness of intellectual effort, carrying with it a slight but gratifying sense of virtue.

I know that this was one of the chief attractions of sightseeing for me in my earliest youth. Others might laze all day on the beach or the downs; for me, the visit to the Norman castle or the

Druid's circle, or—if all else failed—to the local maritime museum, from which expeditions I returned with an exasperatingly smug and complacent air. Wisdom comes with maturity, or if not wisdom then at least a better sense of proportion. If 'improving the mind' is a principal object in life—and I still think it is—it can be done in many other ways besides sightseeing: conversing with other people, using one's eyes and ears in all and any circumstances, or simply in the 'sessions of sweet silent thought', without any adventitious aid from sightseeing. But the prejudices and the habits of youth die hard. I got the sightseeing habit very young and got it for life. My heart still leaps up when I read some such notice as: 'The Priory ruins are open on weekdays

from ten to one and from two to six. Admission 6d'. I look at my watch to see if I am within the magic hours. I find sixpence for admission and another shilling for the handbook. Then the intoxicating click of the turnstile, and yonder all before me lie the green lawns so beautifully kept by the Ministry of Works, the truncated piers of the ruined chapel, and a happy hour to improve my mind.

Sightseeing is a taste of venerable antiquity of course, and goes back to at least the time when the Seven Wonders of the World were religiously listed. And modern sightseeing links up with the pilgrimages of the past. Rome has been a tourist centre, spiritual or secular, for almost the whole of its long history. Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims are lineal ancestors of today's coach parties. Psychologists could no doubt trace the connexion between the religious faith which inspired earlier pilgrims and the desire for self-improvement which characterized the nineteenth-century sightseer—the one is perhaps the secular reflection of the other. It is a plausible speculation that the big pull that European sightseeing exerted over the Victorian middle class was a substitute for the pilgrimages in which their ancestors had delighted and which were now closed to them.

These earnest, self-improving travellers were different from the leisured aristocrats of the Grand Tour. They had begun to make their appearance before the end of the eighteenth century. Edward Gibbon, in his peaceful retreat at Lausanne, was already beginning to be disturbed by the intrusion of tourists who had come 'to view the glaciers'. His own attitude when, twenty years earlier, he had visited the renowned sights of Rome, had been essentially that of the leisured eighteenth century, a dignified, learned and solemn accumulation of impressions, not without excitement, but with none of the anxious haste, the determination to get the best possible results from a limited expenditure of time



Tourists picnicking on Vesuvius in late Victorian times

was not what I would call a genuine sightseer. But it was not his fault; I think he would have liked to have seen things for long enough to take them in and to remember some of them; otherwise he would not have been protesting. But he was the victim of an over-filled programme that had defeated its own end. He had been hustled from one beauty spot to another, in and out of cathedrals, museums, palaces, and picture galleries in accordance with some merciless schedule, laid down for him months before by the knowledgeable young man in the travel bureau back home. He was just another victim of the 'too much, too many' which is the curse of the affluent society.

For the eager, genuine, earnest sightseer I believe the Victorian epoch was the golden age. The vintage *Baedekers* of those days ministered to and reflected its virtues in their mixture of aesthetic aspiration and practical good sense. There was a certain pressure on time, but it was not yet intense. The nineteenth century stands midway between the infinite leisure of the eighteenth century Grand Tour and the hustle of today. Rome, for instance, is allotted at least fourteen days, though for a minor Italian town, say Orvieto, 'four to five hours are sufficient for a hasty visit'. The traveller is expected to be thrifty if not downright economical. Only in the largest cities and those most rich in obligatory sights is the frequent use of cabs recommended. Otherwise there are trams or—for excursions further afield—the 'diligence'. Useful suggestions were made for the allotment of time at the traveller's disposal, and a system of stars and double stars enabled him to pick out immediately the principal works of art on which to concentrate his attention.

The spirit which informed these guide books mirrored the earnest minds of those who used them. It is a spirit of self-improvement. Travelling was a pleasure but it was not a frivolous pleasure; instruction was combined with amusement. The whole

and money, that I hold to be the mark of the post-eighteenth-century sightseer.

For the sightseer, wherever in history he appears, is a cruder figure altogether than the leisured traveller. Two English fore-runners in the early seventeenth century already strike the note. John Taylor, the enterprising Thames waterman who travelled eagerly and with very little money as far as Bohemia, was an inveterate, curious, and quite indiscriminating sightseer, with the true sightseer's desire to push in everywhere, for fear of missing something good. This was risky sometimes. He was very rudely ejected from a princely palace in north Germany. He did better when he got to Prague. There he went round the Hradschin with a party of tourists who were shown all over the private apartments of the royal family and even allowed to dandle the latest royal baby. There was also Thomas Coryate who performed his European travels on foot and recounted them to the world in his famous *Coryate's Crudities Hastily Gobbled up in Five Months Travel*.

'Hastily gobbled up'—this is indeed the method which marks the sightseer. Not from choice but from necessity, since the conditions in which most of us live allow only a limited time for the pleasures of travel. Hence the debasement of sightseeing to the conducted tour, and the unprecedented expansion of this system in the last decade. The conducted tour solves a problem efficiently but it also creates a problem—not for those who undertake it but for the resolutely independent sightseer who still wants to manage for himself. Anyone knows this who has tried to find out how to get, independently, to some place that is normally 'done' by foreigners as part of an excursion.

The local bus, train, or boat time-tables can be marvellously well hidden. And when you find them, it is to discover that the bus leaves at half-past five in the morning or nine o'clock at night; and that in fact the only way to get there and back in a day—which of course is all you have—is to go in a coach party with lunch and a guide thrown in, and this is not at all what you want, as you prefer to take your own wine and cheese to eat among the ruins and to read your own guide book. Even the simplest sights in tourist-ridden regions may present difficulties. Some years ago I saw in an information bureau at Verona an English maiden lady of the old school. She had sensible low-heeled, black-laced shoes, a large sunshade lined with green, and a broad-brimmed straw hat with raffia flowers stitched into it.

'How do I get to the tomb of Romeo and Juliet?' she asked.

The helpful young man behind the counter was delighted to inform her that the tomb was included in the sightseeing tour of the city which left at regular intervals from the office. She had only to join the party in the motor-coach which was just starting. But she stamped with her sunshade irritably.

'But I don't want to join the party', she said, 'I want to go on my own'.

He was baffled. He thought she had not understood, and began all over again about the party which was just leaving.

'Can't I walk there?' she interrupted. But he had never heard of any means of getting there other than those provided by his excellent office.

A more serious consequence of the proliferation of conducted tours is the now continual overcrowding of all famous places. For months in the year you fight your way into the Louvre as you do into Tottenham Court Road station in the rush hour. Trying to look at El Greco's 'Burial of Count Orgaz' at Toledo you sit patiently while conducted tours like waves of an incoming tide break across your line of vision, and you listen willy nilly to the recurrent gramophone record of the guides reeling off the names of all the people in the picture as if it were a group of football players instead of an immortal comment on life and death and faith. And this of course

is hampering to enjoyment. It is understandable that more and more people say 'Oh, I don't go to see the things that all the tourists go to see'.

The dwindling number of places in Europe which are still off the beaten track offer the peaceful and unspoilt appearance that an earlier generation of sightseers took for granted almost everywhere. But do not let us deceive ourselves. It is no use going only to these, if you are a determined sightseer. It is no use being snobbish about not wanting to do the things that tourists do, or even the things the coach parties do. It is no use, that is, if you have a real taste for sightseeing with all that that implies of education and self-improvement and acquiring knowledge of famous and beautiful things. The obligatory sights at which generations of travellers have gaped and marvelled have not got their reputation for nothing.

Not so long ago I witnessed a tragi-comic little scene in the Campo at Siena. A fleet of motor-coaches had released their crowds into the square. Cars of all nations were parked bumper to bumper in all permitted places. The cafés round the spacious semi-circle were doing a brisk trade in cold drinks. I was enjoying myself, more or less oblivious to the babel of tongues (with German predominating) that reverberated round, and looking dreamily at the disciplined lines of the Palazzo Pubblico and the soaring arrow of the Torre della Mangia against the blue sky. Two attractive young people, English, rather serious, evidently just married, made their way to a table near by and began to sling their cameras and impedimenta over the chair backs. Then suddenly the girl gathered up her things again, and her voice rang out indignantly: 'Oh, I can't sit here. Not among all these tourists'. With desperate impatience she pushed her way out between the tables while he followed more doubtfully, and I heard her receding voice as they walked away, now almost tearful with frustration and disappointment: 'But I don't want a drink in a place full of tourists. I don't want to be where everyone else is'.

I do not know whether in that moment I felt old, wise, and philosophic, or merely defeated. There was a time when I would have felt as annoyed as she did, and would have behaved with parallel folly. Because being among all the other tourists is the price that you have to pay for being in certain places. Sightseeing has never at any time been a lonely pastime; it is now pretty well the most crowded pastime there is. But if you are the kind of sightseer who still unrepentantly wants to see the famous sights, you must get used to it. If you still in Paris want to go to the Louvre, and in Rome to the Sistine Chapel, and to the Alhambra and the Prado, and even to Carcassonne—in fact to all the obvious places—the answer is to develop a technique of patience and detachment.

I felt distressed for that charming young pair as they walked away because their pleasure in Siena had been spoilt. And this was a pity because Siena remains ravishingly beautiful, even if in the time at your disposal you learn nothing of the real Siena which undoubtedly still vigorously exists, indifferent to the tourist, even if you see only the prescribed sights and hear in the main streets more German and American and English than Italian.

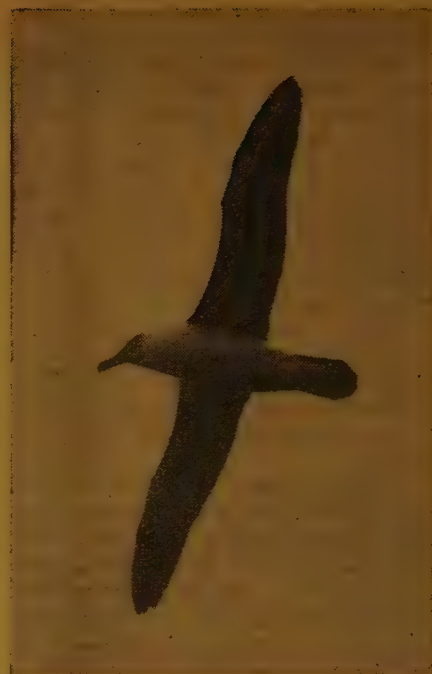
Trying to see Botticelli's 'Birth of Venus' at the height of the tourist season is like trying to cross a by-pass out of London on a fine Saturday in the summer. But if you wait long enough there will be a lull in the traffic along the by-pass. And if you wait long enough there will be a gap in the intervening crowds, the shifting, fidgeting, multi-coloured groups who pass by and obscure her. And then briefly, poignantly, like the moon breaking through clouds, she is before you. This may not be the best way of seeing a great work of art, but if it happens to be the only way in which you can do it, I still feel it is better than not seeing it at all.—Home Service



The 'coach party with lunch and a guide thrown in'

The Wandering Albatross

By MARGARET LANE



I WAS brought up, like the rest of us, on 'The Ancient Mariner', and for me it is one of the most incantatory poems in the language. That albatross!

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

I believed as a child it was a magical bird; a sort of spirit; and of course sailors have half believed this for centuries which partly inspired Coleridge to write his marvellous and haunting poem. The shooting of the albatross was the crime which led the ship and her crew into such disasters and visions; the great dead body of the bird, you remember, was hung round the mariner's neck as a punishment until his heart was softened and his sin forgiven.

I never supposed that I should see an albatross, and a little more than a year ago, when I was setting out on a sea voyage to the Cape, I had been so often told that it was a dull trip, ten days of nothing but empty sea after Las Palmas, that I never dreamt anything so extraordinary could happen. But, in fact, since the unexpected is always blessedly possible, I was wrong: for south of the Equator there was a broad river like blood which ran through the ocean, which the ship followed for more than a hundred miles, and in the Southern Ocean, after days of gale, when we were so far south as to feel the wind blowing cold, there were indeed albatrosses.

The river of blood was first seen, with huge excitement, by two boys with whom I had spent much time in the bow of the ship, looking for sharks and whales; for flying-fish, which from time to time sprayed out of the bow-wave like sequins; and for the schools of dolphins which accompanied us in play for hours at a time, disappearing without warning and then joyously overtaking and passing the ship when she was doing twenty knots. The sharks had been rather niggardly, not choosing to show more than a slippery triangle cutting a slit like a knife down the

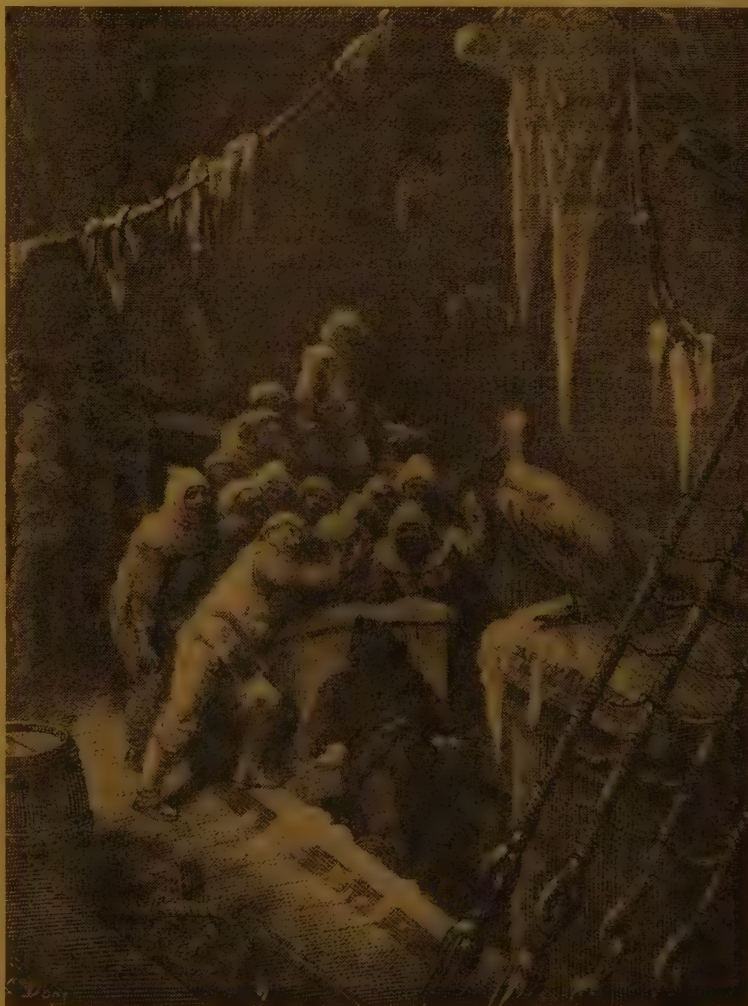
breast of a wave; but the whales had been generous, rolling like black discs in the distance and fountaining up their delicate jets of spray. Now came this mysterious blood-red phenomenon, a mile wide, suspended like crimson dust in the water and creaming redly along the sides of the ship.

We watched it in fascination, propounding theories. The boys, naturally, were all for a wounded whale, and we strained our eyes for a glimpse of this vast monster who could stain the sea for miles with blood, yet keep so far ahead. One of the officers, when questioned, replied off-handedly that some dirty tanker had obviously been scraping her tanks, and that what we saw was rust. We didn't want it to be rust, and we didn't believe him. Rust is not the same colour as blood.

Only the Captain was finally able to satisfy us, for he seemed to know everything, being (unlike his officers) as much interested in what went on in the sea as in what happened in his ship. He said it was red plankton, which sometimes appeared in tropical seas at this season. The whales would be following the plankton, not the ship, and when the plankton came to an end we should see no more whales. This was a better explanation, and we dismissed the dirty tanker with contempt. The following day the plankton came to an end: the sea was blue again, and the whales, true to his prophecy, were seen no more.

Now there were head winds, which became gales, and the ship plunged majestically on through seas which grew daily greyer, a heaving expanse in which for days we saw nothing—no flying fish, no sharks, no racing dolphins—but only, once, a little gleaming object like a pearl which appeared on a wave, and which turned out to be a jettisoned electric-light bulb, one of the millions that travel about the oceans of the world, useless and indestructible, living for ever.

The first albatross, which



'It ate the food it ne'er had eat': an illustration by Gustave Doré to Coleridge's 'The Ancient Mariner'

we had hardly dare to hope for, appeared at the significant moment, out of nowhere, when the boys and I had climbed by the Captain's permission into the crow's nest of the ship. This exposed pocket, constructed round the upper part of the mast and joined to the foredeck by a vibrating perpendicular iron ladder, was nothing like so good a place for scanning the ocean as the rounded and glass-protected bridge of the ship; but it was the place from which a watch, at the appropriate season, was kept for icebergs; it was cramped, cold, and difficult of access, and passengers were not allowed in it; all these circumstances naturally made it desirable. We were given permission to go up, provided we were accompanied by a junior officer, provided we did not talk about it, provided we went up early in the morning before people were about. We were now only two days from Cape Town, and the wind, which had been blowing a gale for nearly a week, had turned very cold.

We had been romantically hoping for an albatross, but none had appeared, and we were beginning to think that we had been misled by the Captain in being told that one or more appeared on nearly every voyage. But the albatross, it seemed, had been waiting for this; for no sooner had we all four crept up that shaking ladder, keeping our eyes away from the deck where two seamen with buckets and brooms had grown horribly small, and had closed the wooden trap of the crow's nest under our feet, than he materialized at once out of the vacant air, and sailed slowly past, across, and again past us. When he came close, his size appeared prodigious, as big as a more elegant and tapered goose, suspended on wings of improbable length and narrowness; but when he sailed away again, making one of his endless circular sweeps, which he did at great speed and apparently without effort, the sense of proportion was lost in the grey expanse, and it might have been a solitary herring gull planing and gyrating. He kept us company for several minutes, as much interested in us, it seemed, as we in him, and then vanished as mysteriously as he came.

We looked at one another with amazement, no longer caring that our teeth chattered and that our hands gripping the rail were blue with cold. It is hard to explain why the apparition was so moving, but it felt in that moment as though the Ancient Mariner had laid his hand on all of us, holding us speechless with his glittering eye. We all remembered the poem, and it was not the wind alone that made us shiver. Was there, as well, a Spirit accompanying us, watchful and invisible, protector and avenger of albatrosses, as the Mariner had said?

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.

We had no cross-bow; not even a catapult; but if we had, I do not believe even the boys would have dared to use it. And yet one saw how easy and tempting it might have been. The great bird had sailed so close that we had caught the expressionless gaze of his yellow eye, had seen the webbed feet folded back under the tail feathers, had measured the incredible wing-span at a guess—a good twelve feet across, we agreed, and possibly more. If we *had* shot him, as one of the boys said, he would have gone like a bomb down to the distant deck.

An hour later he reappeared, this time with a companion, and the pair followed steadily in the wake of the ship. We watched them from the afterdeck, unable to believe in their size when they were at a distance, astonished afresh each time they overtook and passed us, almost within reach, and we saw the dazzlingly white body, the butter-coloured beak and legs, the exquisitely folded feet. The wings were a dark brownish-grey, with elegant long black tips which ever and again seemed barely

to miss sweeping the surface of the sea; they were decorated at the shoulder with a startling lozenge of white which gave a highly formalized air to the top design, and led the eye to the breast and underside of the wings, which were as white as snow.

It is no wonder the albatross has inspired legend, and through legend, poetry. He comes apparently from nowhere, he follows ships like a ghost, sometimes for days and weeks on end, so that sailors believe he habitually sleeps on the wing; he can out-distance the fastest ship without effort, seems never to rest, and except for his short summer breeding season in remote islands of the Antarctic, where each pair of albatrosses produces one magical egg, spends the rest of the year and the long dark winter at sea.

To approach this mythical being so close, to pass through the edge of the circle of his sea life—we, land creatures far out of our element, and he, half bird, half spirit, a creature of sea and air—was a thing that I believe we shall remember for ever.



An albatross on land

I still have not been able to find out as much as I should like about the albatross, and I hope that one day I shall meet an ornithologist who will tell me more. It seems there are several varieties, but the Wandering Albatross, the one so fatefully shot with a cross-bow, the one that appeared beside us in the crow's nest, is the most impressive. We did at least learn that he is less solitary than the Ancient Mariner would have us believe. By the afternoon of the day on which we had sighted our first from the mast there were no fewer than sixteen of them flying powerfully in the wake of the ship, circling and passing, dipping at floating refuse, and occasionally coming to rest on the waves, like gulls.

I am afraid it is not for mystical reasons they follow ships, but for trash from the galley; they eat the food they 'ne'er have eat', and come back for more; I imagine they know the Union Castle route as well as anybody. And it appears they do not really sleep on the wing either, as sailors believe; though one may seem to accompany a

ship for days and nights, it is not the same bird. They come down on the sea and are quickly lost to sight in the trough of a wave, for the Southern Ocean is no mill-pond, but full of rising hills and grey valleys. What is mysterious is that they seem to keep a perpetual patrol while they last; when you look for the one you have been watching he may have gone, but another has taken his place.

Unlike the souls of drowned sailors, which they were long supposed to be, they are large eaters; when gorged on galley refuse they sometimes find they cannot take off again, even with that great wing-span, and beating the sea with their feet; and have to float till digestion lightens the load. Also, more humiliating still, when an albatross has come down on a ship by mistake, and been captured, he experiences all the miseries of sea-sickness. Sailors are always pleased when this happens, for although they no longer shoot them with cross-bows, or indeed take any action against them in the air, they regard a captive albatross as a trophy. They make stems for tobacco-pipes out of the long wing-bones, and from the powerful feet, which have no hind toe and seem to be made of ribbed and yellow leather, they make sad little purses to keep their money in.

Nothing much seems to happen to ships nowadays when they do this, but I cannot think the Ancient Mariner would have approved of it. There cannot be many of these trophies, and I am glad of it; there is something indecent in making souvenirs out of an albatross. The bird himself is so majestic in appearance, so ghostly in his coming and going, so improbable in his habits, that he attracts legend as surely as a ship attracts him, and no amount of fact can divest him of his poetry.

—Home Service

'Seated Girl in Garden'

by Matisse.

(c) by S.P.A.D.E.M., Paris, 1961.



At your leisure . . .

In the Spring 'the trivial round, the common task'
seems less and less to 'furnish all we ought to ask'.

We ask instead, and our vaulting spirits clamour,
to get out into the sun and stretch our winter legs.

We sharpen the mower, grease the car, look at maps,
send for booklets, dream of clear water and a deserted shore.

Wherever you go and how ever you go
for your holiday this year; by ship, by plane,
by car, bubble or bus; one thought
we would not like you to bother about is—
oil will have got you there.

Let us do the bothering.



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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

March 29—April 4

Wednesday, March 29

It is announced that Sir Charles Romer, a former Lord Justice of Appeal, is to be Chairman of a committee appointed to inquire into security

Treason trial in Pretoria ends after four years with acquittal of all remaining defendants

Balance of Payments White Paper shows that Britain's trade deficit in 1960 was £366,000,000

Conference of S.E. Asia Treaty Organization ends in Bangkok with a resolution on Laos

Thursday, March 30

Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, returns from the Seato conference

The financial year ends with a deficit of £394,000,000—£76,000,000 more than was estimated in the Budget

Friday, March 31

M. Camille Blanc, Mayor of the town of Evian on Lake Geneva where French and Algerian delegates are due to meet on April 7, is assassinated by terrorists

It is announced from Moscow that 145 people were killed when a dyke collapsed in a suburb of Kiev earlier this month

Saturday, April 1

The Soviet Government, replying to Britain's Note on Laos, says it takes 'a positive view' of the proposals for a joint call for a cease-fire

The United Nations Congo Command flies 800 Gurkha troops to North Katanga to prevent further clashes between President Tshombe's forces and pro-Lumumba troops

Easter conference of Co-operative Party at Weston-super-Mare supports motion approving unilateral nuclear disarmament

Sunday, April 2

Easter conferences of Young Socialists and of the Association of Shipbuilding and Engineering Draughtsmen support policy of unilateral nuclear disarmament; conference of Clerical and Administrative Workers rejects policy

Monday, April 3

President Kennedy to visit Paris from May 31 to June 2 for talks with President de Gaulle

Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, has talks in Nairobi with leader of Kenya's two main African political parties

Thirty-one people are arrested while demonstrating against the Polaris missile near the American Embassy in London

Tuesday, April 4

President Tshombe orders the people of Katanga to have nothing to do with United Nations troops following an incident at Elisabethville Airport

Members of the National Union of Teachers vote—in defiance of their executive—in support of a proposed strike by teachers in Scotland



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arriving at Rochester Cathedral, Kent, on March 30. At the service Her Majesty distributed the traditional Royal Maundy to thirty-five men and thirty-five women—'as many as the sovereign is years of age'—of the diocese. The city is celebrating the 500th anniversary of its charter



Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, greeting Prince Souvanna Phouma, former Prime Minister of Laos, when he came to dine with him on March 30. The Prince was spending two days in Britain

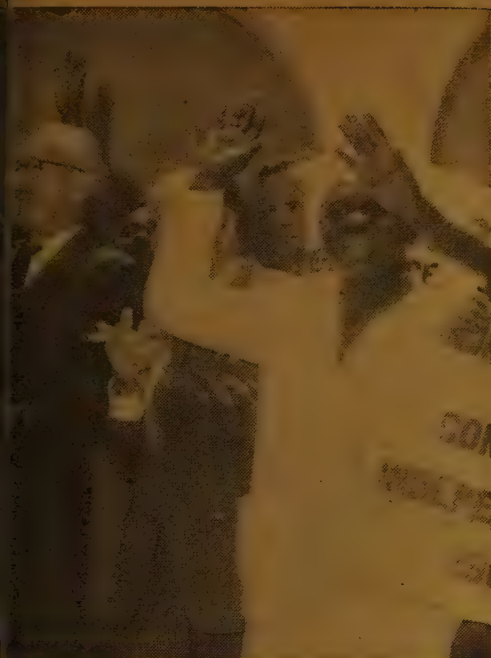


An African woman about to place a garland on Mr. Nyerere, outside the conference hall in Tanganyika, which had been attended by Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary. Standing next to Mr. Nyerere is



Some of the contingents from abroad who took part in the Easter Monday march which started from Aldermaston, Berkshire, on Good Friday. Another march was held in London





The neck of Mr. Julius Nyerere, Chief Minister of Tanganyika, is seen on March 29. Constitutional talks, which were held in London, had been successfully concluded. Mr. Nyerere is seen with Mr. J. A. G. Rees, the Governor of Tanganyika.



The two university crews approaching Hammersmith Bridge during the Boat Race last Saturday. Though Oxford (right), who this year were using longer, spade-type oars, are seen to be leading at this point, Cambridge overtook them and won by four-and-a-quarter lengths.



The march organized by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament which ended, in heavy rain, with a rally in Trafalgar Square, London, on Saturday. The march started from Wethersfield, Essex, where there is a Nato air base.



Part of the Museum of British Transport was opened to the public at the former bus depot at Clapham last week. This photograph shows models in the marine section. Larger exhibits such as locomotives, trams, and canal boats are being assembled and will be on view later.

Left: a parade at Wellington Barracks, London, last week of some of the new uniforms which have been designed for the Army. They had earlier been inspected by the Queen in Buckingham Palace.

Religion and Mystery

Buddha and God

By H. D. LEWIS

THERE ARE MANY FORMS of all the main religions, and this is certainly true of Buddhism. Even within the main divisions there is a great variety of sects, and the religion of the learned is often very different from that of the layman. That is why generalizing becomes a difficult and risky business.

For the most part, therefore, I intend to confine myself to considering the Buddhism of the Pali Canon, a collection of sacred writings which seem to take us back to the early days of Buddhism. They were put together in their final form in about 250 B.C., but not written down for another two centuries or so after that. The skill and training and devotion that went to the oral preservation of the texts are among the reasons for believing that they give us in substance the teaching of a historical founder of this religion and what was thought about him in his own time, about 500 B.C. Some scholars nowadays dispute this claim; but I am not going to take issue with them here. One of the main reasons for supposing that Buddhism is an atheistic religion is that this is the impression given by the Pali Canon; and what I want to do here is to ask how far that impression is justified.

The main facts about Buddha, as they appear in the source I have mentioned, are well known. He was born of noble and wealthy parents, and he lived the early part of his life in easy and happy circumstances, sheltered from the main ills and perils of the world. In the course of time, however, he became aware of the darker side of life, of pain and evil, of the uncertainty and transitoriness of human treasures and achievements, and above all of death. The story is colourfully told in a poem that used to be widely read at one time, 'The Light of Asia', by Edwin Arnold.

'The Enlightenment'

Buddha's first reaction was to give up his easy circumstances and his home and become one of the many wandering seekers after truth to be found in his day. He practised extreme asceticism and became famous for the severity of it. 'Because I ate so little', he is reported as saying, 'my members . . . grew like the knotted joints of withered creepers', his gaunt ribs were 'like crazy rafters', and at one stage he attempted to do without food altogether. But none of this seemed to help him, the truth he was seeking was as remote as ever, and at last he changed his plans and adopted the celebrated Middle Way, avoiding the extremes of asceticism and indulgence. He became an agreeable companion and has been described as a good dinner-out with a fund of entertaining stories. Soon after this there happened to Buddha the experience known as 'the enlightenment' from which his religion, properly speaking, takes its start. In the course of this experience Buddha acquired an understanding of a chain of causes which led to suffering and decay. The most important link in the chain was ignorance, and

it was this link that was broken in the experience of enlightenment and the attainment of nirvana.

Enlightenment is to be attained on certain conditions; and the account of these lays considerable stress on moral and intellectual excellence. The Middle Way involves right views, right purpose, and so on; and the ethics commended by Buddha, and practised in remarkable ways by many of his followers, certainly involved a noble ideal of sympathy, loving-kindness, and detachment. In many ways it is not unlike the attitude of mind we find adopted in recent times by the philosopher Berdyaev, as he described his life in his notable autobiography, *Dream and Reality*. A good many people have concluded from all this that the really important thing about Buddhism is its ethics, and it is contended that Buddha was turning away altogether from any concern about ultimate truth, that he became tired of arid speculations and desired instead to direct attention to practical matters, to what is manageable and close at hand; that he wished to restore dignity and value to human life, and to bring sanity and balance into the way we conduct ourselves in the here and now.

Release through the Dispelling of Ignorance

This view is plausible in some respects; yet there are not many scholars who would endorse it today. For however important the ethical ideals of Buddha may have been, they are indissolubly connected for him with the attainment of release through the dispelling of ignorance. To concentrate on the ethical teaching, detaching it from what was said about the chain of causes that leads to temporal ills, and the way this chain is broken through enlightenment, is to leave out the kernel of Buddha's teaching—the very matter which has seemed most important to most of his followers. The real question is: in what terms is one to understand the experience of enlightenment and the state of the person who achieves it?

An answer sometimes given to this question is that enlightenment brings release because it is an absolute end, annihilation. Pain and frustration are over because everything is over. We are wiped out, not only from our present existence but from any other life we may be thought to lead. The cycle of rebirth is broken and nothing at all remains. There is much to support this view. Nirvana does mean a state of being 'blown out', as a candle is extinguished. Scholarship now informs us, however, that 'blowing out' in this context would mean not total extinction so much as a change of condition, as the flame passes into some more pure and invisible state. The fact that there are so many references to fire in this sense suggests that something more positive than literal extinction is meant. And this is confirmed by the terms in which nirvana is praised, terms of enthusiasm and exaltation; the mere anticipation of it elicits an overwhelming joy.

No doubt a person tortured on a rack would feel some kind of rapture at the prospect of release; but if 'release' meant simply the end of his suffering with no expectation of anything else, then it is hard to believe that he would welcome it in moving accents of unmitigated joy. Even though Buddha and his contemporaries may have been much more preoccupied than we are with the evils of the world, it is not initially very plausible to suppose that they could speak with such transports of joy and enthusiasm of a consummation that was entirely negative. Perhaps more to the point is the difficulty in seeing what relevance the Way would have in such a case, even though the concept of the Way is not an ordinary rational one. Moreover, many of the words which are important in this context are now known to have a distinctly positive import.

Nirvana and the Christian God

Nirvana then has some positive meaning, but it is here that the really hard problems arise. Does nirvana refer only to some state of ourselves, some condition of supreme blessedness in which the ills of all ordinary mortal existence have been finally superseded; or is there more than this? Does salvation involve a reference to some Supreme Ultimate Reality other than ourselves, something akin to the One or Supreme Self which we find in the Upanishads and other writings of India, composed long before the time of Buddha and sacred to Hindu religion? Is there here anything like the Christian God?

The simple answer to this question appears to be 'no'. There is little—perhaps nothing—to be said about the Goal apart from the Way. The end is conceived entirely in terms of the means to its attainment. Buddha studiously avoids any sort of metaphysical speculation. Questions about the Beyond, the Hereafter, the Eternal, the Transcendent—these do not concern him; and he firmly enjoins the same attitude upon his followers. Listed in the Pali Canon there are at least sixty-two questions which Buddha thinks it pointless to ask; because, he says, they go beyond the limits of legitimate or profitable inquiry. These include the questions whether the soul or the world are eternal, whether the soul survives the dissolution of the body and whether its consciousness, if the soul retains consciousness after death, is limited or not, together with many questions about form and formlessness, finite and infinite, the caused or fortuitous origin of the world, and the status of beings who were once gods in heaven but have for one reason or another fallen from their high estate.

In these terms metaphysics (in the sense of speculation about ultimate questions) and anything savouring of it seems to be rejected as thoroughly as any positivist or sceptical philosopher of recent times could wish. Indeed I am surprised that sceptical philosophers of today have not made more use of the Buddhist writings for their own purposes. They would find

re much that is congenial to them. Further, Buddhist notion of the soul leaves us with nothing of a permanent or substantial kind; it is much more suggestive of Hume than of Descartes and Kant. So there is little to suggest a supreme or eternal Reality. Scepticism here is complete and uncompromising.

Scepticism with a Difference

Yet it is, I would say, scepticism with a difference. The story is not entirely complete as it stands (not that it always is so with a modern agnostic, either). In the first place, Buddha was a visionary. When he discovered the truth, and learnt about ignorance and the chain of causes, he was not going to work as a scientist does, or even as a philosopher, carefully working out his problem. What happened to him under his tree was not at all like what happened to Descartes sitting by his stove. It is that philosophy he offers us, and his teaching can be finally understood only by those who, like himself, achieve certain states of ecstasy andapture. If one is to classify Buddha at all, one must put him among the poets and mystics, not among the philosophers or scientists.

Then take the legends and miracle stories. They may not all be true, but consider them in the light of what we know today about para-normal phenomena. When it is alleged that Buddha underwent transfiguration, that he knew other people's thoughts in some supernatural way, that he had sight of other beings passing on and being reborn, are we to dismiss all this as out of hand as having no germ of truth? Can we ascribe it all to superstition, fabrication, and naïve credulity? I do not think so. Eastern peoples have more experience of para-normal phenomena than we have, and in any case the fact remains that Buddha was the sort of person about whom it seemed natural to make these extraordinary claims, and this brings him at least closer to charismatic personalities and mystics than we know them elsewhere.

I would also attach a good deal of importance to the detailed circumstances attending the Buddha's own enlightenment, the curious toning of his experiences as a whole by his natural environment, the place within it of 'the grove and the clear flowing river', his preparation and

the various stages of initiation through which he passed, the temptation (and especially the way Mara, the tempter, enshrines in himself the popular demonology—becomes in fact much more like the Satan of the New Testament than has commonly been realized). All this suggests to me the situation of a mysterious Being invading present reality which you find in other religions too. The case of Buddha is not the same as that of Moses or Isaiah—his background and his problems were admittedly very different; but a sense of the Holy is present in them all.

Inspired Caution of the Visionary

When one remembers also the centrality for Buddha of ethical ideas, and of the morally elevated frame of mind—the morality which is somehow more than morality—it does not seem likely that the caution and silence of Buddha is just that of the confirmed rational sceptic or the disillusioned philosopher, impatient of muddle and obscurities. It is rather an inspired caution of the visionary who realizes how inadequate and deceptive formal expressions may be, how easily the vision may be lost if we lay too violent hands upon it. Above all, may he not, though still perhaps obscurely, be understanding, as men of great religious insight elsewhere have done, that the truth about the Transcendent, about what lies beyond the explicit grasp of human understanding, is jeopardized the moment we begin to take intellectual liberties with it? After all, our own mystics have often been stubbornly non-committal, even silent.

This is what I, at any rate, take to be the significance of the severe anti-metaphysical strain in Buddhism. The peculiarly uncompromising character of this, taken in its religious context, seems to cut in precisely the opposite direction to that which is usually accorded to it. I feel especially fortified in this opinion by the consistent and deliberate refusal of Buddha, as he appears in the Pali writings, to commit himself even to an agnostic position on speculative or ultimate questions—or to allow his followers to do so. We are not to say even that we know nothing—that the Eternal is not real, and so on. And this gives agnosticism a twist

that radically alters its character—a situation not without some parallel in recent forms of philosophical agnosticism. I do not want to put too much stress on this point; but taken along with the other considerations I have mentioned, it constitutes one important strand in the cumulative evidence for assigning to Buddha's experience a sublime and subtle awareness of the ultimate, elusive Reality by which all finite existence is encompassed.

Even if that much is true, one must be fair, and cautious, in gauging its significance. It was the fashion when western scholars first began to take serious interest in eastern religions during the nineteenth century to suppose that the differences between religions are slight and unimportant. That continued to be the case well into this century; and it was an attitude reciprocated by notable eastern scholars like Radhakrishnan. Now the pendulum has swung to the other extreme.

Can Christian and Buddhist Build Together?

The fortunes of religion have followed those of politics in the sense of being not unlike, and not unaffected by them. Yet here again sanity lies with the Middle Way. We must not obscure genuine differences, or suppose vaguely that all religions come to the same thing in the end. They do not; and the more we study religions and cultures in a scholarly way the more evident this becomes. Professor Zaehner and others have offered wise and sober words of warning to us here. But we should also admit the affinities where these may be found. On the one hand, we cannot make a strictly theistic religion of the Buddhism which I have been discussing; it may have no properly personal God; and there are other sharp differences between it and Christianity. But there are, on the other hand, ways in which Christian and Buddhist may meet and build together; and I know of no better point from which to begin this work of mutual aid and instruction than a shared sense of the ultimate mystery of the Godhead, which the Christian claims to know also in the flesh, in Jesus.—*Third Programme*

This is the last of Professor Lewis's three talks on 'Religion and Mystery'. Previous talks appeared in THE LISTENER on February 23 and March 9

Evolving a 'British Standard'

By H. A. R. BINNEY

IF HALF A DOZEN people (each with some knowledge of the subject) were asked to say what a 'British Standard' is, there would probably be as many different answers. In fact, examination of British Standards reveals two things that may cause surprise. First, they are not themselves 'standard' things; they have to meet differing sets of circumstances and they do this in various ways. Secondly, goods conforming to British Standards are not usually 'standard' articles in the sense in which many people use this term—that is, as a synonym for stereotyped.

What standards try to ensure is that certain

key characteristics of a product meet necessary requirements; perhaps it is only size so that things fit, like nuts fitting bolts or electric plugs fitting the sockets. Or perhaps it is performance from the point of view of safety, durability, or hygiene. British Standards are concerned with specifying the hidden features of a product; matters of aesthetic design are not involved. But when the basic performance of an article is taken care of, the purchaser is left free to make his choice according to his preferences without having to worry about the essential suitability of the goods for their purpose.

Usually the decision to make a standard has

been followed by successful scientific work on which to base it. Important in this are methods of test because if we are to have standards we must be able to measure.

When manufacturers and users meet together to prepare a standard for an industrial product—say, steel sections or high voltage switch-gear—the users are knowledgeable and can define their requirements in terms of type, quality, or size. But with consumer goods this is not usually so; also, the requirements of shoppers are often not standardized. Variation in the wearing quality expected from a carpet illustrates this; there must be almost infinite

combinations of factors, such as the size and average age of a household; the time spent in, say, the living room by its members; the surface on which the carpet is laid. But if good tests are devised for the performance of a carpet, it should be possible to set quality levels for wear from which shoppers can select the one best suited for them.

Today there are hundreds of British Standard methods of testing performance. For example, there are many standard tests for textiles. They include tests for tear strength, colour fastness, for measuring shrinkage and creasing, and many other properties. These represent technical achievements which I would like to see used more widely, especially for conveying to shoppers, by suitable labelling, clearer and more exact information about certain qualities in goods in the shops.

There is still much scope for development of standard tests. Consider, for example, the showerproofness of textile fabrics as an example. There is a test that is intended to measure the effect of rainfall upon a raincoat while it is being worn. Specimens of the fabric are subjected to a spray of water while they are being rubbed on the underside. Unfortunately, the results vary so widely from one laboratory to another that the test does not prevent good cloth being rejected in one place and bad cloth being accepted in another. We have had many investigations to try to discover why this is so. The design of the 'rainheads' has been looked at carefully; the rate of fall, temperature and hardness of the water have been considered; the rubbing mechanism has been reviewed; and there has even been designed a standard piece of apparatus for shaking the specimens after testing so that they all get a 'standard shake'. But so far the answer has eluded us.

Flammability of Textiles

Another problem that has occupied a good deal of the textile technologists' attention is the question of the flammability of textiles. A B.S.I. report in 1957 gave the results of considerable research. This showed that for all textiles made from cellulose fibres, from which the bulk of clothing is made (cotton, rayon, and so on), the main factor governing the flammability of the cloth is its weight; the lighter a fabric, the faster it burns. So a level was set for the rate of burning that might be tolerated from a safety point of view.

But this still left several technical problems to be solved before a British Standard for fabrics of low flammability could be set. A most important aspect was how to ensure that flame-resistant treatments would last the life of the garment. A standard washing treatment and a standard 'wash liquor' had to be devised which would simulate the effects of laundering. The 'wash liquor' set a problem; it had to have the same effects on the flame-resistant finishes as any of the household brands of synthetic detergents; and, as the constituents and performance of these detergents are almost as varied as their manufacturers would have us believe, this was not easy. But it was possible to publish in 1959 a British Standard for the performance of fabrics of low flammability; and this standard was shortly afterwards incorporated in government regulations.

We have all heard complaints about the durability of some chromium plating. An

interesting British Standard published recently provides for three grades of plating, each satisfactory for certain uses. Associated with this is a labelling scheme: a 'red' label indicates suitability for severe service where plating is exposed for long periods in the open; a 'blue' label for normal service where plated articles are used indoors but where corrosion is likely (in steamy kitchens and bathrooms, for example); for less arduous conditions a 'green-for-mild' label will do. But before this standard and system could be introduced, some alternative had to be found to the complicated and expensive method of testing to destruction which was the only existing method of assessment. The technologists were eventually able to replace this with one which is simple in operation, making the grading scheme a practical possibility.

Today, we are increasingly concerned with the international acceptance of standards. A very large part of the effort of the British Standards Institution goes into this and we are often involved in testing trials in various countries. There are several instances of this, and these have so far been mainly concerned with safety, as viewed here, and in Germany, France, Sweden, and other countries.

Motor Cyclists' Helmets

I would like to show how the scientific investigation of a product can succeed in raising the safety standard of that product. First, motor cyclists' helmets: a British Standard was first introduced in 1953. Within the limits of what we knew then the standard provided for a helmet that would give moderate protection. Subsequently, the Road Research Laboratory carried out a series of investigations on different aspects of the design and performance of these helmets; and these introduced fundamentally different ideas. Investigation of shock absorption revealed that the old 'egg' style of helmet was not necessary. A smaller, neater helmet was introduced, and this has greatly encouraged motor cyclists to use helmets. The great importance of a smooth surface with no ridges or projections has also been established and this reverses earlier thought on helmet design. Research into the injuries sustained by motor cyclists has revealed the most frequent sites of head injuries, so that tests are now made at these points instead of only at the centre of the crown. The development of an electronic test machine which can register the transmitted force at the point of impact means that we can now register precisely the shock absorption performance of new materials and types of helmet, information that greatly assists improved design. Medical research too is being continued on the regions of the head and neck that are most vulnerable to blows; in parallel with this, further fittings are being conducted with experimental shapes of helmet to see what gives maximum protection and convenience.

All these developments mean that motor cyclists' helmets, which only a few years ago were rather clumsy pieces of equipment rarely used by civilians, are now accepted wear for riders of motor cycles and scooters. Since the passing of the 1957 Regulations under the Road Traffic Act, no helmet can be bought in this country that does not pass the British Standard tests.

The British Standard for car safety-belts was published last year. The performance of one of

these belts in the event of an accident is something that it would be impossible for the ordinary purchaser to assess. But if he buys one carrying the Kite mark, which is an indication that it conforms to the published standard, he can be sure that the complete assembly will withstand a load of 4,000 pounds, which is the equivalent of stopping a fourteen-stone man travelling at sixty miles an hour in a distance of six feet.

Safety-belts for Cars

The report on car safety-belts which appeared in the Consumer Advisory Council's publication last November was a useful complement to the standard. For one thing it explained the features of the standard in a way that the lay person would find interesting and meaningful. Secondly, it commented on points outside the immediate scope of the standard: suitability of different types for different cars or for fitting in back seats, and so on. Also, the report brought to light the inadequacy of some belts that did not comply with the British Standard.

The purpose of British Standards is to set the level which safety, health, convenience, or other requirements demand, and to aid productivity. These standards are based on careful scientific assessment and have a world-wide reputation. British industry generally supports this work not only in the interests of production efficiency and export success, but also to help shoppers more and more often to make a choice that 'up to standard'.—*Network Three*

Out of School

Four o'clock strikes,
There's a rising hum,
Then the doors fly open,
The children come.

With a wild cat-call
And a hop-scotch hop
And a bouncing ball
And a whirling top,

Grazing of knees,
A hair-pull and a slap,
A hitched up satchel,
A pulled down cap,

Bully boys reeling off,
Hurt ones squealing off,
Aviators wheeling off,
Mousy ones stealing off,

Woollen gloves for chilblains,
Cotton rags for snufflers,
Pigtails, coat-tails,
Tails of mufflers,

Machine gun cries,
A kennelful of snarlings,
A hurricane of leaves,
A treeful of starlings,

Thinning away now
By some and some,
Thinning away, away,
All gone home.

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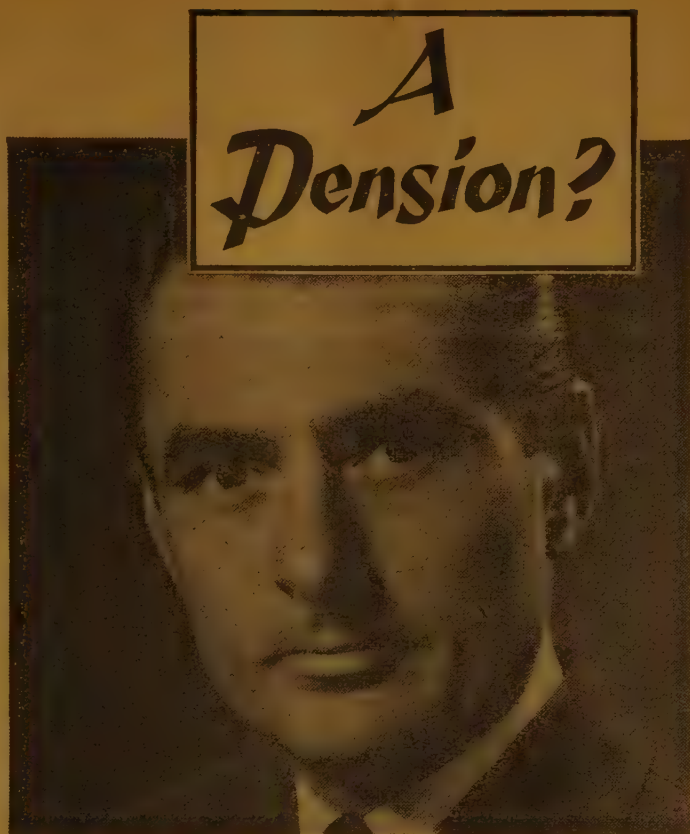
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The Changing Village

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

This article is based on a Feature Programme recently broadcast in the Home Service.

IN 1900 DESPITE bitter poverty and other evils (by no means confined to the country), the village was still a pleasant place to live in and

side continued right up to 1914 and later, but some things had already disappeared. Although collectors like Cecil Sharp got to work just in time to save them for posterity, folk songs and dances were no longer an integral part of village

character as a community. In a number of places the squire vanished altogether, or sold out to an absentee with interests in the City, who only came down for the shooting. Young people of any class tended to drift away and leave things to the older and less lively. That was the reality behind the appearances in the golden days before the war of 1914.

The war broke down much of what remained of the social strength of the village, and destroyed that sense of separateness—the idea that Berkshire and Durham were not just different counties but different countries with their own speech and ways of living. And although farming recovered for a very short time owing to the threat of starvation in 1914, it was abandoned again when food prices collapsed in 1920-21. Farm wages fell from 45s. to 25s. a week, and the decline set in once more, though there was now much less of the cement of tradition to hold the village together. Moreover living conditions in some parts were, if anything, worse than formerly. Henry Williamson, the author, who settled in north Devon in 1919, recalled:

I very soon thought I must have nothing to do with my neighbours, because they seemed to be quarrelling, they were very bitter; there was no communal spirit at all. I realized of course that they were half-starved. They couldn't afford meat. They had very little butter. Clothed in rags, many of them, and when it rained, the only overcoat they had was a sack borrowed from a farmer—a corn sack if possible—because that was much thicker.

After the war the countryside began to be exploited by the town. Houses ribboned out along the roads; factories sprawled; golf courses, cemeteries, aerodromes—all were spawned without plan. Land was butchered, because it was



The village of Winslow, Buckinghamshire

Reece Winstone

a stable, homogeneous unit of society. At any rate it appeared so—in the shape and materials of its buildings, its affinity with the landscape and dependence on the land, and the traditional pattern of people and customs. We have records of all kinds, no less in the poems and novels of Thomas Hardy, than, for example, in the personal memories of John Read, who was brought up in east Somerset and went to school at Sparkford:

Old Squire Bennett—living up at Sparkford Hall; Parson Bennett, a relative of his; the schoolmaster; the farmers with their labourers or 'work-voke', as they were called; old Sidney Barrett, the cobbler, who did practically all the parish work at that time; Charlie Parsons, the stone mason; Robert Dampier, the blacksmith; and various sorts of craftsmen including a mole trapper or 'want-ketcher' . . . The villagers always touched their caps or forelocks when they met Squire Bennett, and he was very insistent on this. He had his grooms, horses, carriages, cockaded coachman, gardeners and indoor staff.

John Read first attended a small dame school, a highly genteel establishment, where he was instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, deportment, and general knowledge. For Scripture and geography there was the 'little catechism of the redoubtable Mrs. Gibbon, of which we had to memorize several pages daily'. For history there was *Little Arthur's History of England*. There were, however, strict rules about speech, and dialect was forbidden in class. But at home everybody spoke it, as naturally as drinking cider or celebrating the customs of the season and the locality—making corn dollies, capturing the last sheaf at harvest, or going through the mumming play at Christmas.

The homely habits and speech of the country-

life. Village tradition was dying because the age itself was in transformation. The reason was essentially economic. Village life was being severed at the roots because the established forms of employment were being upset. Since the eighteen-seventies there had been a disastrous fall in farming, owing to the rising flood of cheap American corn, and later to the cargoes of chilled meat raised in the Argentine, New Zealand or Australia, all imported without tariffs and encouraged by the then sacred policy of Free Trade. But farming was not the only thing depressed. Almost as many country people worked at crafts and local industries as on the land, and these were being steadily blotted out by town industry and the general loss of wealth from the countryside. Some of these industries have survived to this day, but they represent only a fraction of the number in existence, even in 1900, when they played almost as important a part in the economy of the countryside as farming.

Between 1880 and 1914 500,000 country folk left the land to seek better fortune in the towns or the colonies. The village began to lose its vitality and



Textile mill at Dartington Hall, Devon

relatively cheap and easy to get at, and served by purpose except farming which no longer counted. It followed that villages were exploited. Such places lost the character which they had once possessed as rural communities, and they never managed to capture the vitality of the town. Villages further out suffered less, though not many escaped the suburban touch. Perhaps the best that happened to country life at this time were the social improvements—new schools, some good housing, the Village Colleges of Cambridgeshire, schemes for village halls and playing fields, the activities of Young Farmers' Clubs and Women's Institutes—all excellent, but surface patching none the less.

For a long time nothing was done to rebuild the basic economy of the countryside, from which the village derived its strength and its life. There were some well-meaning efforts to put the clock back by those who wanted to grow their own bread and flour and weave their own shirts and recreate some sort of neo-medieval community living. They soon found it did not work.

In contrast, at Dartington Hall in Devon a derelict estate was put back on its feet in the nineteen-thirties by a bold act of modern enterprise, backed by large resources. Here the aim was to meet the technical and economic challenge of the day by scientific farming and mechanization, and by introducing small, well-equipped industries to take the place of the handicrafts that had gone. In this way it was hoped to create sufficient wealth to raise wages and living standards for the countryman, and so afford village housing and facilities comparable with the town. Dartington was a pioneer and perhaps experimented too much, but it succeeded in its main aim in establishing two dairy farms, a textile mill, cider factory, sawmill, and a building industry, and as a corollary it achieved many of the social improvements as well.

In general the economy of the countryside did not begin to recover until the war of 1939, when for strategic reasons farming was drastically restored. Since then it has kept its position, thanks to new laws about land use and minimum guarantees to producers, and to the remarkable improvements in animal and crop husbandry. Whatever the present difficulties of agriculture, no one denies now that land is a priceless asset. The results can be seen in the appearance of the land and in the comparative prosperity of those who work on it.

But the land is not the whole story. Farming (and forestry) employ only about one-third of the working population of the countryside, and are never likely to employ more, owing to increasing mechanization and the pressure of economics. The key to village employment in the future lies with the alternatives to agriculture—industrial jobs that will take the place of the old handicrafts that used to occupy so many village people. There is no easy solution to this. In general, industry has gone to the towns and stayed there. There are, it is true, a certain number of traditional crafts and industries still active in the countryside which keep going thanks largely to the invaluable assistance of the Rural Industries Bureau. But these cannot solve the problem alone, since so few people are involved. Of far more importance are certain

industries that have grown up in villages since the Industrial Revolution, and of a handful of new ones that have arrived recently.

Wollaston in Northamptonshire, a village of just over 2,000 inhabitants, is an outstanding example, where one can find industries of both these kinds, as well as farming. For instance, there are no fewer than seven small factories, mainly engaged in producing a heavy type of working boot, most of them long-established family businesses. In addition there are two other concerns, both evacuated from London in the war, which have no traditional connexion with the countryside at all. One is a comparatively large firm, employing over 200 people, making synthetic resins for paints and plastics, which has settled into the buildings and grounds of the old manor house. The other is a small



Engraving machine being operated by an employee of a company at Wollaston, Northamptonshire, which makes steel and brass dies

engraving firm, making steel and brass dies. All the principals are townsmen, who have dug themselves into the locality, and say that—thanks to the telephone, postal service, and good communications—business is just as good in Wollaston as in London; and there is the advantage of local labour.

This opens a whole new future for employment in the countryside, for there must be many other small industrial enterprises which could operate in this way. Socially, too, there is much to be said for it. It is far better to decentralize small-scale industry than thus to rely solely upon large concentrations in towns, which require an inordinate amount of daily travel from the surrounding region. Commuting is a nuisance, and can be destructive. It adds unnecessarily to traffic congestion, and—taken too far—creates a feeling of instability in those who commute. If a man has to spend too much time travelling, he loses contact with his home. Either he is too tired—or simply too often away—to take any real interest in local life, so that for him the village merely serves as a dormitory, a transit camp. He has no real stake in the place, and he will probably end up by leaving and moving his home nearer to his work. In either case the village suffers, and the tendency is for the proportion of older, retired people to rise, instead of having a healthy cross-section of ages, classes, and employments, without which social vitality cannot exist. And this is reflected, too, in the profusion and variety of facilities for living—the shops which provide everyday

needs, services, schools, places of worship, and all the other institutions, which are an essential part of the pattern.

This then is the economic background of village change, continuing today, stumbling towards a renewal of the old order of land and industry, although in the main the village has been deprived of its industrial component and is still losing force on that account.

Materially there have been striking advances—in the standard of housing and living, the provision of services such as electricity and water, the design of schools, especially rural secondary schools, many of which act as evening institutes as well, new village halls and playing fields, and much else. All these have brought benefits. But every success breeds its own difficulties. The sudden leap from comparative poverty to comparative affluence, the onset of sophistication, and the professionalization of entertainment have all reacted upon the ability of many country people to use their leisure as they used to do. This is particularly noticeable among the young. The headmaster of a secondary modern school, serving fourteen villages, said this:

We do find that their pleasures are very much those that one would expect to find in a town boy or girl. Watching television, listening to the wireless, and going to the cinema are their main hobbies. It is a significant thing that village football and cricket teams are beginning to fade out, and this is a shame. And yet their biggest grumble is that there is very little to do, which is common to both town and village children. With certain exceptions, the children here are not interested in Nature, and we are having to create and stimulate their interest in country pursuits, instead of their making them their own responsibility.

This problem cannot be solved quickly. Meanwhile there are signs of apathy from every county towards the familiar institutions and spare-time activities of the village—in pub, club, hall, or outside in the open countryside. The trouble lies in confusing the simple and the sophisticated. Obviously a stage production in the village hall is far less slick than a play on television or a film. One is amateur, the other professional. The mistake lies in comparing them at all. Those who realize this are perfectly able to enjoy both, though in different ways. They are not comparable but complementary. Similarly, if you listen to a concert pianist, you don't sell your own piano. If you drive a car, you don't give up walking. This kind of dual living applies most aptly to the village, and is one of the secrets in absorbing the changes that are coming over it.

It would solve nothing to turn the countryside into a poor imitation of the town. When all life is being pressured by big groups, and the individual is being oppressed by the mass, the village can fulfil better than ever its historic purpose. As the *small* community, it serves the deepest needs of the human personality, the family, the handful of friends and neighbours. A refuge, not from life, but for life. Therefore it would be madness to allow our villages to vanish. There they are—real and ready-made—with a wealth of history and beauty and human experience behind them, which we are free to inherit and turn to good account. We must adapt, not destroy.

The Ethics of Faking

CECIL GOULD on imitation and deception in art and antiques

THE CATALOGUE of the exhibition of forgeries and deceptive copies at the British Museum includes a remark which I should like to quote. It was made in connexion with the exhibition by a former distinguished member of the staff. 'What fun it is', he is stated to have said, 'when someone takes an enormous amount of trouble to be really naughty'. Naughtiness is not, perhaps, the first quality which may spring to mind when fakes are mentioned. Yet it seems to me a penetrating and shrewd remark within certain limits. A kind of superannuated schoolboy perversity seems in fact to underlie some of the more notorious faking activity—but only in the case of those who have deliberately set out to be forgers. These I believe to be in a minority among those involved in faking, and before going any further I should like to draw an important distinction: it is one thing to make a fake; it is another to circulate it. Sometimes, as in the case of Hans Van Meegeren, the famous Dutch forger, the man who was responsible for one was also much involved in the other, and it is with men of this kind that the element of naughtiness seems to me to enter. But basically the two are distinct.

The making of works of art which count as fakes consists in the first place of indulging a talent for copying or for imitation. This can be, and usually has been, a perfectly innocent activity, whether in the education of an artist or later as professional routine or as a hobby. What may subsequently happen to the work produced in this way is another matter. I would venture at this stage on a definition, and say that a fake only begins to be a fake when someone tries to pretend that it is genuine.

For obvious reasons anyone involved in the circulation of fakes is careful to keep his mouth shut. Consequently the subject can normally be judged only by its results. The point of view of the people concerned, their thoughts and experiences and motives—one of the most potentially interesting aspects—remains obscure in most cases. One notable and obvious exception were the statements made by Van Meegeren when the game was up. Another, not so well known, was the case of the Italian, Icilio Federico Joni, since, incredibly enough, he actually published a book of frank memoirs some thirty years ago during his lifetime. The original edition was called, characteristically of him, *Memoirs of a Painter of Antique Pictures*. This book is so revealing that I shall make no excuse for constantly reverting to it as a kind of bible on its subject.

Joni explains that as regards paintings—that

is, as opposed to gilding, which was his trade—he started by copying some of the pictures in the Siena gallery, and in this way he seems to have built up considerable technical skill. In point of fact those of his productions which

at the next stage of his career. At times what he did was probably merely pastiche—that is combining as best he could different elements derived from different originals. At other times it would have been a less deliberate, more subtle

and more interesting process. Without needing to draw on specific examples the artist who is saturated in an earlier style can yet re-create 'in the manner of', and thereby in a sense produce something new and original.

This branch of art imitation has an honourable history and has enlisted great talents. In architecture and decoration, for instance, it has often happened that a great project was still incomplete at a time when its style had become outmoded. Those who may wish to complete it are therefore faced with a dilemma, if they do not wish to destroy what has already been done or slavishly copy it. Either they must continue in the then current idiom—which may clash with what already exists—or else they must try to re-create something of the manner of the old in a living style. Both approaches have frequently been tried. An obvious example of this—though not a distinguished one—is the nave of Westminster Abbey and its western towers. Of the other, Wren's Baroque addition to the Tudor of Hampton Court.

We must admit that imitation of this kind is capable of producing serious and enjoyable art. A whole array of examples of the most diverse kinds springs to mind: Proust's imitations of the Goncourts are an obvious literary case, and Schumann's imitation of Chopin in his *Carnaval* suite, one of many musical instances. In painting I would mention a little-known episode of the sixteenth century. Tintoretto, not content with never stopping working himself, seems to have resented it when other painters were given jobs, and on one occasion, hearing that one had been given to his great rival, Paolo

Veronese, Tintoretto said that if it were taken away from Veronese and given to him he would paint the altarpiece in Veronese's style. He was in fact as good as his word. The picture exists to this day in the left transept of the Gesuiti church in Venice, though few people take the trouble to look at it.

If these are instances of unusually talented creative artists whose talent included one facet among many others for imitation, there are also those whose main talent is in imitation; and this brings us back to the enigmatic and fascinating figure of Van Meegeren. It is well known that his attempts at creative painting were failures, and that the sensational Veronese forgeries of the later part of his career were caused by a desire to get his own back on his



'The Assumption of the Virgin', an-altarpiece in the Chiesa dei Gesuiti, Venice, painted by Tintoretto in the style of Veronese

he illustrates do not look very exciting and indeed appear strangely tawdry and shabby, like old theatrical costumes. Some of this, no doubt, is owing to the 'dating' of the type of process reproduction used to illustrate the book. But it is a fact that time is apt to play odd tricks with imitative art. Horace Walpole's Gothick, for example, or the waves of 'Grecian' and 'Egyptian' taste which succeeded it, now look charmingly 'period' to us, but the period is the one when they were made, not the one they were supposed to be emulating. The work of the so-called Spanish forger in the British Museum exhibition is a good example. It is supposed to be medieval but now looks Victorian.

Joni is not entirely specific about his methods

tics and show what fools they were. As many other artists have been, Van Meegeren was seriously indignant at the greater prestige enjoyed by antiques over modern work. As for the rights and wrongs of the matter, I would agree with the general verdict that his original work was very bad and would admit that when I saw the first and most important of his Vermeer forgeries—the Rotterdam 'Supper at Emmaus'—I thought it a good picture on its own merits, but his is most unusual. Normally a deliberate fake picture is intrinsically a poor thing, but the famous name attached to it may blind people to its weaknesses, at least temporarily.

Van Meegeren's achievement in the 'Supper at Emmaus' was altogether exceptional for an artistic forgery in another respect. It represented a combination of craftsmanship and scholarship. Not only did the picture look old; it supplied the missing link with Caravaggio which certain scholars had been looking for. They had said Vermeer must have known his work, but there was no proof of it. By basing his picture on a known Caravaggio, Van Meegeren not only solved the most difficult problem of finding a design but also flattered the *amour propre* of a number of experts and ensured that they would be on his side. Viewed in this light the parallel with the Piltown skull—which also supplied a missing link—is clear.

The element of naughtiness with which I started must be taken into account in Van Meegeren's case, as well as that of revenge. But in discussing the more common process of the

transformation of imitations into fakes the element of speculation must be strong. The evidence of Joni's book makes it clear that it was by gradual and almost imperceptible degrees that he himself drifted into the shadier side of the business. Starting as a craftsman-gilder and restorer, he took to making book covers and small knick-knacks in a vaguely antique style, and was amused at discovering that they had subsequently been sold to foreign tourists as 'antiques'. His outlook was entirely extrovert—most unlike that of the deliberate, out-and-out forger, such as Van Meegeren or, for that matter, Dawson or Wise—and in principle he cared very little what happened to his productions, so long as he was given a price for them which he thought they were worth as craftsmanship. From his narrative one can imagine a situation arising in which he had no need to specify what his wares were supposed to be. He would ask a dealer 'How much will you give me for this?', or be asked 'How much do you want?', and so forth.

If we now admit, as we must, that many of the fakes which are in circulation were made with no specifically dishonest intent, I hope I have said enough to indicate that the moment of dishonesty is almost impossible to pin-point. Even if we imagine the case of a dishonest dealer who buys what he believes to be a fake in the hope of selling it as genuine, the situation may still be complicated. It is possible by looking at a fake long enough to begin thinking it genuine—particularly if one is the owner. The wish

alone may work wonders in this respect, even apart from the possibility of gain. I have myself repeatedly found instances of the fact of ownership invalidating the judgment in this way. A man may somehow get hold of the idea that a picture in his possession was painted by Leonardo. I have known such people conducting what they call research over a period of years. Any statements they read which correspond with their own picture, they note. Any which do not, they ignore. In the end, inevitably, they prove to their satisfaction that they own a Leonardo. In most cases, of course, what they really own is neither a genuine nor a fake Leonardo, merely something quite different and unconnected.

I mention cases of this kind to illustrate the strange tricks that passionately wishful thinking may play on the mind of a collector. For, in the last resort, the phenomenon of faking in the arts can be regarded as one of the inevitable corollaries of collecting. The demand for rare objects will naturally exceed the supply at most times, and the atmosphere of secrecy which the cupidity and neurosis of many collectors set up round them, and the unwillingness of some others to pay the full market price, provide the ideal climate for the circulation of fakes. Nor is the presence of fakes necessarily distasteful to the collector. They are a hazard in the game which increases its thrills and therefore its pleasures, and the discovery of a fake in a rival's collection may cause almost as much pleasure as a genuine addition to one's own.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Secondary Modern School

Sir,—In his talk on the Secondary Modern School (THE LISTENER, March 30) Mr. Taylor has certainly pointed out two current developments, but has forgotten to remind us that while over 70 per cent. of the age group are in the modern school these developments affect only a minority. He informs us how many entered for G.C.E. but not how many were successful. He mentions the work of the Beloe Committee, but not the reluctance with which they appear to have given their verdict or the kind of examination they have asked for—something far different from what is current. These queries arise from his first paragraph, and one could continue but two general points must suffice: one on child-centred education and the other on vocationalism.

Mr. Taylor deals cavalierly with the former in saying that schools have veered away from it. This may apply to its extreme manifestations, but, whether consciously or unconsciously, paedocentrism has made modern schools the happy places they usually are; and has affected all the children there. In this the schools certainly reflect society outside (the young have never had it so good) and so agree with his main thesis; though he has ignored it.

As a recent head of a secondary modern school my impression is that employers are still looking more for ability in the communication skills rather than vocational training, as they were in the nineteen-twenties when they gave

evidence before the Hadow committee. Mr. Taylor lists some impressive course titles, but, lest they should be taken as smacking too much of the American high school (and so presumably of the interests of children rather than what is good for them) 'which it has become rather fashionable to decry', he hastens to remind us that they are 'little more than new names for the old metalwork, woodwork and domestic science'. Of how much more would he say the same, if it were fashionable, one wonders? In becoming the apologist for the current fashions has not Mr. Taylor been taken in by the 'falsies' and also padded his history to suit?—Yours, etc.,
Swansea

LEWIS SPOLTON

The 'New Left' in Britain

Sir,—I apologize to Professor Cameron for overlooking his reference to D. H. Lawrence. For the rest, there seems to be a complete failure of communication. I do not know whether this is due to my compression or to Professor Cameron's presuppositions. I referred to the conventional antitheses between capitalist and socialist society, and between free and totalitarian society, as forcing us back 'into old categories of thought'. Cameron replies by repeating that 'the contrast between a totalitarian and a free society is far sharper than the contrast between socialism and capitalism'. But I do not think that this phrase has much practical meaning in the world today, and the terms—as commonly employed—are so much part of the

cold war coinage of both sides that I doubt whether it has much theoretical significance either. I think we can usefully discuss different kinds of socialist and capitalist society, and the existence in different societies of particular liberties. But the moment at which we start to speak, in an unqualified way, about a socialist or a free society, then we are in danger of leaving reality and entering ideology.

To explain this as simply as I can in Cameron's own terms (which I have not chosen)—we now have ranged against each other capitalist societies of different degrees of freedom and socialist societies of increasing diversity in their degree of unfreedom. The crucial contest of the future, of which the New Left is a portent, is not between these two power-blocs but between retrogressive and authoritarian forces in both, and those who are working for societies which are both socialist and free. (One difficulty of this discussion is that for the early socialist thinkers these terms were synonymous.)

This does not mean that the distinction between capitalist and socialist economies has been superseded or transcended. On the contrary, in the capitalist countries the only way in which particular liberties may be made into effective social freedoms is through constructing a socialist economy. But equally in the Soviet bloc the only way in which the state-owned economy can become commonly-owned and controlled (and therefore socialist in the old sense) is through the attainment of effective popular liberties. There is nothing original in my argu-

ment. What is new is the fact that since 1956 Polish students, American 'sit-in strikers', Cuban revolutionaries, and Aldermaston marchers have begun to *feel* this common international cause and to act towards its objectives.

Professor Cameron's definition of a 'free society' is one in which I can publish a talk in *THE LISTENER* criticizing three talks of his own. I know this is only a debating point. But someone might take it seriously. If so, he should ask himself a number of questions. Does one talk by a member of a dissident group constitute a threat to this society? Was it a dangerous talk? Is there no difference between the occasional safety-valve and *sustained access* by minority groups to the centralized media of communication? Is this sustained access possible, on controversial issues, to Plaid Cymru... the Unitarian Church... to atheists and republicans... the Communist Party... the New Left? How does our present situation compare with 100 years ago where the minority had access, on less unequal terms, to the printing press, the soap-box, and the public hall? Is there not a curious (even authoritarian?) deadness somewhere—an increasing segregation of dissenting minorities into little journals and occasionally the Third Programme or some 'free speech' corner, while the major opinion-forming media give us something uncontroversial or entertaining or for our good? And when he has pondered these questions, he might be interested to know that I have three times submitted to the B.B.C. a talk examining exactly this predicament of the minority group, and it has been three times rejected. So, by Cameron's argument, I am still entitled to think our society unfree!

Yours, etc.,

E. P. THOMPSON

Halifax

Schönberg's Ideas

Sir,—In his article 'Back to Schönberg' (*THE LISTENER*, March 23) Mr. Rollo H. Myers mentions my name in a way I fail to understand—this in connexion with 'modulation', which, he doubts, 'in the old-fashioned sense, means much to the young who, if the school presided over by Mr. Peter Maxwell Davies, for example, is anything to go by, learn to lisp in dodecaphonic numbers and probably look on Boulez as hopelessly *démodé*'.

Perhaps Mr. Myers sees me as the head of a 'school' of earnest composers whom I teach to 'lisp' via the superficialities of twelve-note row counting. However, I am in contact with very few composers whatsoever and have no such official or unofficial pupils. The only occasions upon which I see any 'lispings' of would-be twelve-tone composers have been the few times I have criticized for the Society for the Promotion of New Music, and I doubt if, at this stage, my own music has significantly influenced anybody at all.

It is more likely, I fear, that Mr. Myers is implying criticism of the work I am doing at Cirencester Grammar School. Far from plugging twelve-tone technique, which is highly specialized, I encourage the children to write in a style within their emotional and intellectual grasp, and which, at that stage, will liberate musical thought, rather than get in its way. Children compose music as variously as they paint pictures.

As for looking on Boulez as hopelessly

démodé, this is sheer nonsense. Mr. Myers states that 'nobody thinks now of writing music in a stated key'. For better or worse, my latest work, a set of carols and instrumental pieces, *O Magnum Mysterium*, is in F minor.

Yours, etc.,

Cirencester

PETER MAXWELL DAVIES

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Frankel that the time has come for an appraisal of Schönberg's work from a human viewpoint, but I fear that the 'close scrutiny of what he himself has said', for which Mr. Frankel makes a plea, must reveal a mode of theological belief difficult to associate with a composer exerting a wide influence in the middle of the twentieth century. Schönberg's paper, 'Composition with Twelve Tones', for instance, published in his book *Style and Idea*, opens thus:

To understand the very nature of creation one must acknowledge that there was no light before the Lord said: 'Let there be Light'. And since there was not yet light, the Lord's omniscience embraced a vision of it which only His omnipotence could call forth.

Elsewhere in this book Schönberg calls for the necessity of a 'law of musical space' demanding 'an absolute and unitary perception'. What does this signify? It signifies the space where, 'as in Swedenborg's heaven (described in Balzac's *Seraphita*), there is no absolute down, no right or left, forward or backward'. This is not theology; it is obscurantism—and of a hue that so alarmed Balzac's admirer, Madame Hanska, that she feared for his mind.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.9

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Visual Arts of Greece

Sir,—I share Mr. Plommer's doubt whether a chat about Greek art, or even half an hour's straight talk on the subject, can do much good; but it may do a little. Certainly, however, it entails generalization and simplification to the point of distortion, and much of Mr. Plommer's detailed criticism is valid. So with architecture: I regret that I did not indicate my appreciation of its subtlety and variety; but the variety is within very closely circumscribed limits, which are surely derived from its timber origins though no doubt Mr. Plommer's rejection of a literal translation from carpentry to masonry is correct. In any case Greek architecture certainly did not undergo the radical transformation which affected painting and sculpture at what we call the change from archaic to classical; and though sculpture and architecture remained in harmony for centuries a rift did show itself at last. The sculptors of the Pergamene altar were still developing their art in a living tradition; its architecture is dead; and the contrast is painful.

Hellenistic monarchs undoubtedly used religious art for political propaganda; but that is a different thing from the religious involvement of life and art in the cities of classical Greece.

There are plenty of genre scenes and figures in Greek art before Hellenistic times, but largely in the minor arts, rarely in large-scale sculpture, though I agree that Praxiteles, at the end of the classical age, does give us examples. A monumentalization of themes previously felt trivial, though perhaps beginning before Alexander, seems to me a feature of the Hellenistic age.

There are also hesitant anticipations of the many-view approach to sculpture, first consistently explored by the pupils of Lysippos, but this is something I do not myself see in Praxiteles, whose works seem to me to have in a marked degree a dominant view to which all others are sacrificed. It is true that the Cnidia's bottom was much admired, but loving finish to the subordinate views is not inconsistent with design for a single primary view-point; witness the figures from the pediments of the Parthenon. Mr. Plommer's plea for humility in our approach to the difficult exposition of this great art can meet with nothing but welcome.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

MARTIN ROBERTSON

Alexander the Great

Sir,—Since you have printed Dr. Agnes Savill's attack on Mr. Badian, perhaps you will allow another humble biographer of Alexander to applaud Mr. Badian's admirably balanced view of that great man, and his refusal to join in the chorus of slightly maudlin admiration, to which Sir William Tarn unfortunately lent the authority gained by lifelong devotion to the subject and a fine prose style.

Tarn, with all his merits, has been placed by some of his admirers on too lofty a pedestal, at least so far as his work on Alexander is concerned. He is an authority who must not be followed blindly; he was humanly fallible, and even capable of basing a conclusion on quite a bad mistranslation. Tarn maintained that Alexander was so much of an idealist in his last days that had he lived he would have had to outlaw war. For this there is no evidence. He was raising a large new army when he died. Tarn maintained that he arrived at the concept of the brotherhood of man; but there is no evidence that this went further than the attempt to promote friendship and intermarriage between the two imperial peoples, Iranians and Greco-Macedonians, whom he wanted to serve together in his army and government; there is no evidence that it extended to Semites, Egyptians, or Indians, for example. Further, throughout his life, which he repeatedly risked, Alexander never took thought for what was to happen to his people after his death, or to provide for that contingency; this was the chief reason for the immediate outbreak of chaos when he did die. Such neglect, in a monarch, shows a degree of levity that is almost pathological.

I do not dispute his military genius, his physical daring, or his vitality, to which the fact that people can still get heated about him is itself a tribute. It is true, too, that Dr. Savill, whose devotion I admire more than I admire her hero's moral character, cites in her book (in which, by the way, she gives ample evidence of her amateur status) a few adverse judgments on the great man; but she takes very good care not to let the Whig dogs have the best of the argument. General Fuller's book, which she also cites, is also very good on the military history; but as evidence on Alexander's character it would, I think, make a more favourable impression if the gallant general had not chosen, as a great man of modern times with whom to compare his hero in some detail—would you like to print it overleaf and allow five guesses?—Hitler.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

A. R. BURN

The Listener's Book Chronicle

King John. By W. L. Warren.
Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s.

Reviewed by SIR GORONWY EDWARDS

DR. WARREN Laments 'the gulf that has developed' between the 'professional historians' and the 'general public'. He describes his book as an attempt to bridge that gulf by 'reassessing the reign of King John in the light of the most recent research', to show how the professional historians have departed from 'the Victorian assessment of the man' still current among the general public. He has studied the relevant material critically, and has presented his conclusions judiciously and readably.

The main difficulty of his task is that the reassessment which he presents has consisted in subtle adjustments of emphasis rather than in downright revisions of facts. The Victorian estimate—as exemplified at any rate in the works of J. R. Green and of the less known but equally noteworthy C. H. Pearson—strongly condemned John as a man, but was by no means unappreciative of his qualities as a king: 'vile as he was', wrote Green, 'John possessed in a high degree the political ability of his race'; 'his worst enemies owned that he toiled steadily and closely at the work of administration'. When Green wrote, only the chancery records of John's reign were in print: since Green's day, archives both of the exchequer and of the courts of common law have been published, and have confirmed the impression that John 'toiled steadily and closely at the work of administration'.

On the other hand, much of the capital evidence for John's 'vileness' came from the St. Alban's chronicle of Roger Wendover, and when Green wrote, historians regarded Wendover's account of John's reign as a contemporaneous work: subsequent study has shown that it was probably compiled some years later, and that it is not sufficiently reliable in its details to be a firm authority. Dr. Warren sets out these considerations clearly. He has not, however, been beguiled into any whitewashing of John; indeed he is unequivocal in stating his view that defects of character did gravely detract from John's ability and assiduity: but he states that view without any of the shrill emphasis of the Victorians, and is careful also to remind his readers that the historian necessarily beholds character, not face to face, but in the dark glass of imperfect evidence.

Dr. Warren's discussion of the struggle for John's French dominions suggests that by about 1200 the ruler of the so-called 'Angevin empire', whether John or anyone else, was placed in an almost untenable position by the growing and actively hostile power of the French king, Philip Augustus. To meet that threat, John stretched his resources to the utmost, as anyone in his position would have done. The resources of Normandy were stretched to breaking-point. Those of England were stretched only to resisting-point, and this fact became important in the developments leading up to Magna Carta.

It would be unreasonable to expect, in a book

whose approach is mainly biographical, any detailed commentary on Magna Carta. But although Dr. Warren holds that 'Magna Carta is an unrewarding document for the general reader', he nevertheless prints a translation in an appendix. One cannot help feeling that this appendix is left suspended in mid-air. One wishes that Dr. Warren had allowed himself to develop his own remark that 'the great majority of the provisions of the Charter were a commentary not upon John's reign alone, but upon half a century of vigorous Angevin government'. Vigorous Angevin government was achieved in England by the action at the centre of the chancery, the exchequer and the courts of common law, and by the control which they exercised over the king's officers in the localities.

The power of this whole governmental machine—of which the exchequer was the most formidable arm—was tremendous, especially in an age when men were much more legalistically minded than they are now, and when officials of all kinds could indulge 'the insolence of office' with a roughness and impunity almost unimaginable today. Magna Carta was no doubt occasioned by the misdeeds of John, but it was ultimately directed against The Machine. Thus, although clauses 2 to 11 never specifically mention the exchequer, but speak only of reliefs, wardship, marriage and debts, yet it was the exchequer that handled those matters, and it was therefore the practices of the exchequer that those ten clauses were intended to limit or define. Even when John died and was succeeded by a blameless child, yet the Charter was forthwith renewed. The undying menace was The Machine.

Dr. Warren's book should be welcomed on both sides of the gulf which it is designed to bridge. The placing of the references at the end of the volume instead of in footnotes will probably be regretted, at least on one side of the gulf. If the book reaches—as it deserves—a second edition, there will be an opportunity for more careful proof-reading, not only of the text but also of some of the maps.

I Am Lazarus

By Sven Berlin. The Galley Press. 21s.

This is an account of a Bombardier's experiences in the allied advance through France, Belgium and Holland in 1944. The author is of Swedish descent, a painter and poet, and had started the war as a conscientious objector, but the least satisfactory parts of his book are those which describe specifically the conflicts and so forth that such a man might be expected (or expect himself) to have in that situation. All the 'battle is a great drama and a mystic experience' stuff is couched in his feeblest and most bathetic style, with comments like 'Dear God . . .', 'C'est la guerre', and 'Sometimes the War seems futile'. Nor is the delineation of his relationships with his comrades entirely satisfactory. He was an odd bloke, obviously, but his oddness was not in the line of English eccentricity and he seems sometimes not to make contact with his surroundings at any point ('I have an English rose

in my hat', he cries when embarking for France). It is the briefly and superficially observed character that he depicts best.

Another contradiction in this aspect of the book is that though his reports of conversations are sometimes absurdly stilted, he has a pointedly selective ear for speech characteristics—excellent his indications of the tones of Geordies, Cornishmen, ex-public schoolboys, etc. 'Wassername', continuously used to eke out a proletarian deficiency not of substantives only but of general vocabulary, seems to me an enviable observation. Indeed, for the observation that sums up, symbolizes almost, some aspect of service experience, Mr. Berlin has an outstanding gift. The soldiers whittling sticks waiting to cross to France; playing with cards 'worn like an impaired fresco'; the day-by-day description of a dead body, of the drunken sergeants—these haunting passages make one feel that instead of a curious book Mr. Berlin might easily have made a great one. Perhaps it is now too late to write a work of non-fiction about one's experiences of 1939-45: the journals and letters cannot be accurately enough expanded. Certainly Mr. Berlin's book is easily best where he was likely to have adequate contemporary material—the beautifully clear narrative of his first action, for example, and the brilliant account of a pre-D-day inspection by Monty. For these and for much else we must be duly thankful at this advanced date.

ROY FULLER

Lady Denman, G.B.E. By Gervas Huxley.

Chatto and Windus. 18s.

Elizabeth Rigby, Lady Eastlake

By Marion Lochhead. John Murray. 18s.

These books are decidedly not for men. Lady Eastlake, from the comfortable security of mid-Victorian England, shows us that toil and perseverance need no prodding from economic necessity: they are virtues *per se*. The wife of the President of the Royal Academy, the rather severe ornament of Mayfair society who complained that the heads and tails of her working days were cut off by 'late dinners and later breakfasts' yet celebrated her golden jubilee as a journalist. We feel tenderly for poor Sir Charles Eastlake as we recall the lines

A wife who preaches in her gown
And lectures in her night-dress

Lady Denman, who died some few years since, likewise alarms us. A sporting lady with a taste for hunters, and Edwardian motor-cars, and with delight in swinging at golf balls on smart courses, she yet abandoned these joys for thirty-five years' presidency of the Women's Institute organization. Lady Eastlake, Lady Denman, they seem the embodiment of the masculine inner consciousness: their lives seem to call to us from some Valhalla of busy bees—'See what you can achieve if only you put your minds to it'. What man could possibly read these noble lives, unless he were Augustus Hare, without a sensation of alarming inferiority?

However, summoning up courage the male reviewer finds one crumb of comfort—the mas-

culine author of Lady Denman's life has written a really excellent book. The task can not have been easy. Mr. Gervas Huxley, with the courage and independence of his race, must have seen that if he took a wrong step he would have to face the fury of many thousands of women's institutes. He would have been left envying King James II who had to face a mere 20,000 Cornishmen. But he has told us the truth. Lady Denman was the only daughter of that extraordinary person Annie, Viscountess Cowdray. When this homely Yorkshire lady in the expensive nineteen-twenties moved from her Sussex pleasance to Carlton House Terrace all the trumpets of *Times* and *Morning Post* announced her progress in heavily leaded type. She was determined that her daughter should make a marriage which could be similarly proclaimed. She succeeded. Lady Denman bore her mother's triumph with fortitude. In addition to other personal disasters she lost her faith and (for a time) her liberalism. And as the truth about Lady Denman unfolds itself we are left with a profound admiration for her ability, her character and her charm. For is it not true that among her generation of wealthy women (cocktail sippers, ballroom-shufflers—when it was no longer seemly to dance—and Riviera fiends) she shines out—humble, original, effective, useful?

With Lady Eastlake we move into the realm of high Toryism. Marion Lochhead bravely speaks up for this lady who tried to demolish *Jane Eyre* with a review. Did she not reduce Charlotte Brontë to tears by hurling at her luckless head such stones as 'pedantry', 'stupidity' and 'gross vulgarity', adding that the writer was guilty of the highest moral offence a novel writer can commit—'making an unworthy character interesting'? I have two quarrels with Miss Lochhead. She thinks Framlingham is near Norwich: she quotes Queen Victoria's meeting with Lady Eastlake but hides what the Queen said, 'tall, large, rather ponderous and pompous'. Queen Victoria had a wonderful nose for a bore.

ROGER FULFORD

Man's View of the Universe

By R. A. Lyttleton. Michael Joseph. 16s.

This book, written for the beginner, does not set out to provide a comprehensive survey of astronomy. It is perhaps best described as a collection of essays, each of which is more or less complete in itself.

The author begins by discussing the Earth and Moon, together with a separate chapter on 'Terrestrial Meteorite Craters'. Next follows a chapter on 'The Planetary System': Mars is given a special section, as is the problem of the origin of the Sun's family. Comets, the Sun, the Galaxy, the stars and the expanding universe are then dealt with in turn.

It is refreshing to find an eminent astronomer who possesses the gift of popular exposition. Lyttleton is certainly such a one; he writes clearly, without any hint of condescension, and he has produced a most readable book. Beginners will find it extremely interesting, and it will also hold the attention of more advanced students. The illustrations are well selected and excellently reproduced. It is inevitable in a rapidly advancing science that material becomes out of date very quickly, and there have been a few new developments even since the completion of this manuscript; for instance, galaxies have been

measured out to beyond the 4,000 million light-years given here. However, this is not the author's fault, and the necessary amendments will be easy to make in the new edition which will doubtless be required.

PATRICK MOORE

The School of Donne. By A. Alvarez.

Chatto and Windus. 18s.

Donne is out of fashion now, though he was less so when Mr. Alvarez began his study. But that is only a comparative matter: the craze is gone, but the establishment of a major poet remains. Donne can never now slip back to the level of neglect that he enjoyed a hundred years ago, and this is an excellent moment for the attempt to view him steadily and at his proper level.

Mr. Alvarez's subject is indeed not so much Donne himself as his influence upon the poets of the seventeenth century—an influence which all those read in the period will admit to be pervasive, though the present work has the distinction of being the first readable short guide-book to that formidable literary jungle. But the author has of course to define the nature of Donne's achievement before he can identify its effects on others:

It is on this that Donne's enormous influence over English poetry depends. It has nothing to do with conceits, and not much to do with dialectic; but it has everything to do with a realism of the intelligence.

It is good to see that old war-horse of 'the conceit' being laid firmly to rest; and I do not think that many people will quarrel with *realism*. *Intelligence* is another matter: it is a tricky word, and much of Mr. Alvarez's study rests upon it, and yet he does not seem to have wrestled with it as he should:

Donne . . . was the first Englishman to write verse in a way that reflected the whole complex activity of intelligence.

One perhaps sees what he means, but doubts if he has said it. Are we to say that Shakespeare, for instance, manifests a less wide range of 'intelligence' than Donne? I do not think we are. Then *intelligence* must really mean something more embracing than Mr. Alvarez is willing to admit.

On the other hand he is on sure ground in claiming that

Donne was an intellectual not because he paraded ideas, but because ideas, learning, dialectic and tough, sceptical rationality were *emotionally important* to him.

That is accurate. Donne is an *intellectual*, in the best sense: but to use him as the type of *intelligence* is to narrow that conception further than it will bear.

Mr. Alvarez is indeed himself an intellectual in that good sense; and that is why his opening chapter, on Donne and his immediate circle, and his closing one, an extremely interesting tracing of 'Augustan' ideas right back (via Sprat and Hobbes) to their sources in Francis Bacon, are much better than those that intervene, a series of rather skimpy essays on Herbert, Marvell and so on.

The critic is narrow. He rejects what he does not feel with—his dismissal of Spenser, for instance, is obtuse and quite unilluminating; and even Cleveland, whom he casts as *diabolus*, is better than he makes out. 'Monolithic pedantry' does not account for the Cleveland

of *A Sing-Song on Clarinda's Wedding* or the Cleveland who could write

That it may please thee to unite
The flesh and bones unto the sprite,
Else faith and literature good night
Quaesumus te.

But when his sympathies are engaged, Mr. Alvarez commands a cool, pleasant and manly style, without pedantry or parading, that is distinctly prepossessing.

HILARY CORKE

Television and the Political Image

By Joseph Trenaman and Denis McQuail. Methuen. 30s.

The general election of 1959 was the first to be held in Britain since the vast majority of households acquired television sets. This book is an analysis of the impact of the election programmes on the electors of West Leeds and Pudsey, two constituencies near the University of Leeds, where the authors are in the Television Research Unit established by Granada. The book contains a great deal of fascinating information about the attitudes of electors towards politicians, parties, and issues, and about the effect of the different media of information and persuasion. Unfortunately, too much of the text is like a working-paper for a seminar of statisticians; most readers will wish that the authors had separated their technical methodology and political reporting more effectively.

The book is important mainly on account of the convincing evidence it provides against the view that the age of 'tele-democracy' would see a lowering of political standards; in addition it confirms many of the findings of earlier surveys of voters' behaviour. It shows clearly how well the ordinary elector resists the pressures of the mass media. It endorses the findings of earlier surveys that the campaign has little effect on the elector's decision, which is affected mainly by his social position and by the events of the whole period since the previous election. Those electors who change sides differ somewhat in social characteristics from those who remain loyal, but are as well informed as the loyalists and are not ignorant weathercocks. Non-voters tend to be people who take less interest in politics and are less 'exposed' to information and persuasion than voters. (Non-voters were not asked why they abstained—perhaps they were watching television!) People in contact with party propaganda seem to think and act electorally much the same as those who are not. The chief immediate effects of the campaign are to make electors better informed and more inclined to think of issues in communal (perhaps altruistic) terms rather than in personal (perhaps selfish) ones.

Most electors dislike vehement partisanship; they seek information and tend to resist persuasion; most electors who see or hear the party broadcasts receive those of both sides. Both elections and between them television's popularity ensures that viewers are exposed to some facts and ideas which will challenge them. It is good that television is bipartisan; the average elector reads newspapers which favour the party he tends to support. The electors are far more charitable towards the broadcasts than the critics. The survey might have said more about electors' reactions to the non-party election programmes.

The issues on which the parties concentrate



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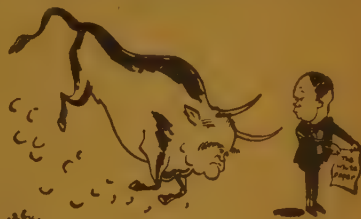
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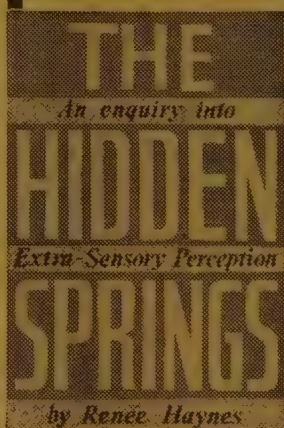
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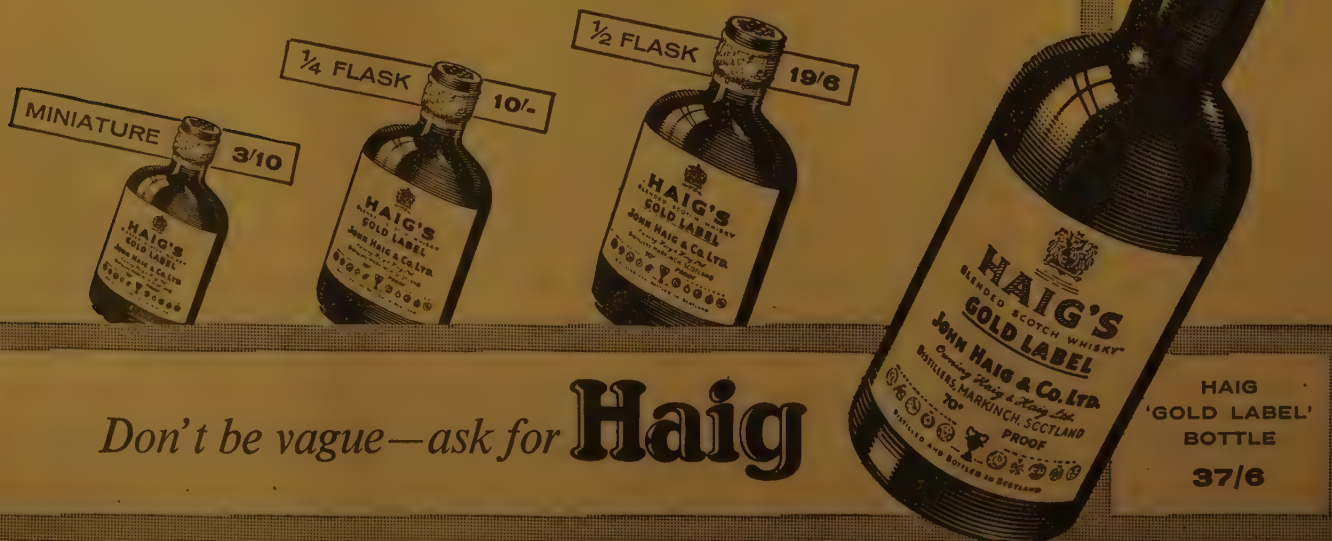
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are not regarded as overwhelmingly important by electors, who tend to be more concerned with the general record and character of the two main parties. The present survey confirms the evidence about party images and electors' attitudes given by Dr. Abrams and Dr. Rose in *Must Labour Lose?* and by other observers. Its evidence that Conservatives esteem their

leader highly is not surprising; that Labour supporters should regard Mr. Gaitskell almost as favourably is an interesting sign of his acceptability to ordinary Labour voters and of their capacity to esteem leaders, a capacity often regarded as peculiar to Conservatives. (It is curious that while 91 per cent. of Conservative supporters in these constituencies think that Mr.

Macmillan is well educated only 68 per cent. of Labour supporters think the same of Mr. Gaitskell.)

In spite of some omissions and some defects in presentation, this book is an admirable pioneer study. It is to be hoped that more Leeds analyses of the impact of radio and television on British society will follow it.

PETER CAMPBELL

New Novels

The Scar. By Bruce Lowery. Allen and Unwin. 13s. 6d.

The Horns of Fear. By Angel M. de Lera. Faber. 18s.

The Pearl Bastard. By Lilian Halegua. Peter Owen. 15s.

The Unsleep. By Diana and Meir Gillon. Barrie and Rockliff. 16s.

GOOD NOVELS ABOUT CHILDHOOD are probably as numerous and as rare as good novels about anything else. What is still more difficult to achieve, and therefore more seldom brought about, is to write a truly adult novel about children. What I mean is that, while it is comparatively easy to evoke childhood, it is very difficult to do so in terms applicable to adult situations. Almost all the great novels about children have, as their background, a precipitating factor of adult crises or situations which control the behaviour of the child. This applies equally to Charles Dickens, Mr. L. P. Hartley and Mr. Truman Capote. Never, to my knowledge, has a writer attempted to deal with the difficulties of childhood on their own terms, independently of what the adult world would think of them, and done so in such a way that these difficulties become symbolic of or, at least, related to the difficulties we all have to endure every hour of our waking life. This is Bruce Lowery's achievement.

The Scar has a strange history. Although himself American, Lowery first wrote it in French and it was published in Paris where, apparently, it was well received. Re-written in English, it contains many French qualities, chiefly a unity of place and of mood. The place is a small American town—in the Middle West I should think—and the mood is one of tension and premonition, a haunting mixture of guilt and natural infirmity, multiplied together to produce the purest kind of misery. As for its relevance to the larger elements in the human situation, that is rather French too, in that it is very direct, almost didactic, and could perhaps be summed up in a truism: bad as outward blemishes may be, they are as nothing compared to the ugliness in the soul of man.

Yet all this does nothing to convey the subtlety with which Mr. Lowery works out his message in terms of dry, clean narrative. His plot is superficially simple. A thirteen-year-old boy, Jeff, goes to a new school as his parents have moved into a new quarter of the town. Jeff was born with a slight harelip and the operation to remove it has left a scar on his upper lip. His new school-mates make fun of him on account of his scar, all of them except Willy. Willy is one of the biggest and strongest boys in the class and he befriends Jeff but, in an idle moment, Jeff steals some of his favourite stamps. From then on the tension mounts, both for Jeff and for the reader until, in a fit of bad temper on an Easter Sunday,

Jeff is indirectly responsible for the death of his younger brother to whom he had been devoted.

Thus, dissected from the flesh of the human relationships involved, lie the bare bones of the plot. It will be noted that all the protagonists are children—Willy, Jeff, and his brother—and, though Mr. Lowery shows a neat hand in characterizing adults, they are not allowed to enter, even as *dei ex machina*, into this savage world of children. They cannot help Jeff any more than the God to whom he prays can remove the scar he acquired so soon after birth. He is utterly alone in his agony and he repulses any attempt to come near him. Yet the attempts continue to be made: that is half his tragedy. His parents flutter about him, strewing crumbs of sympathy in his path and words of advice. An old man tries to persuade him to confess his theft, and almost succeeds. His weary and ineffectual teacher attempts to enforce 'democracy' in her class. But Jeff remains beyond them all and all their good intentions in the universe of his guilt. It would be impossible to pay too high a tribute to this profoundly moving and beautifully written book.

Rafael Garcia, 'Filigranas', is not quite a child but he is little more than one, as his pathetic dreams of owning a town and country house, of supporting his mother and sisters and of becoming the successor to Manolete prove. For Rafa is really a young and inexperienced bull-fighter, doomed by Angel M. de Lera from the first page on to be impaled on the horns of a frightened little bull. While little *aficion* is needed to understand this tale of a village fiesta in Spain it is necessary to realize that a frightened little bull can be twenty times as dangerous as a brave big one. The English, watching bull-fights, are quick with their sympathy for the poor bull and the even poorer horses. By turning some of this sympathy towards the poor bull-fighter, Senor de Lera is performing a salutary service. But then, the English never see these little village corridas, carried out in improvised rings, without the help of picadors, on one day of the year, every year. Because the village is poor, it cannot afford a good bull. For the same reason, it cannot afford a good matador. The result of these economies is that the man is almost as likely to be killed as the animal. This is the background to the situation which Senor de Lera creates with a startling vividness. But he does not limit himself to the bull-ring. The whole life of a Spanish village—from the mayor to the whore—is

brought before us. Even more, in the character of Aceituno, the boot-black turned torero, who accompanies Filigranas and to whom ultimately falls the task of killing the bull, we get a memorable picture of urban Spain—the sophisticated city slickers who despise the peasantry, their food, their bed-bugs and their bull-fights, but who are nevertheless frightened out of their wits at the prospect of angering one of them.

The Pearl Bastard, too, is about the half-world of adolescence: a pathetic little tale about an Irish girl who sets jauntily out from her home in New York to spend a holiday on her own by the sea. On her first night alone she is raped and, as a result, becomes pregnant. Deserted by her family, the only person on whom she can rely is the Jewish proprietress of the motel which witnessed her undoing. This lady, however, spends the winter in New York and, as Francie refuses to accompany her there, she leaves her alone in the motel. The baby is born prematurely while Francie is still alone and, in order to avoid it going to Hell because of a Jewish upbringing, she kills it and commits suicide. The publishers compare this work to that of Salinger but I cannot help thinking this is a mistake. The only resemblance is that both Francie and Holden are convincing portraits of adolescents. Miss Halegua's heroine is much more articulate than Mr. Salinger's hero. Although she uses a good deal of slang she is not encased in it, unable to escape from it, like Holden. Indeed, the first paragraph of the book sounds more like Virginia Woolf than anyone else and the central image—of the baby being a kind of pearl formed in the oyster of her body by the intrusion of the shore sand—is positively poetic. At any rate, it is a long way from the stammerings of Holden Caulfield.

With *The Unsleep* we are back in the fully adult world, more than adult indeed since it is what the adult world will be like thirty or forty years from now, with taxicopters running about from roof to roof, newspapers abolished, novels forgotten, and television as the only method of communication. On the whole, Mr. and Mrs. Gillon are optimists. There will be no wars. There will be a world government with full regional autonomy for what we know today as countries. There will be no unhappy marriages. (Comparison of Personality Quotients sees to that.) And there will be Sta-Wake, a drug that abolishes sleep and the need for it. Out of this vision they have constructed an entertaining and cautionary fable.

BURNS SINGER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Other People's Lives

INSIGHTS INTO other people's lives hardly ever fail to interest. Sometimes they provoke dissatisfaction with our own and sometimes a thankfulness that we have managed to avoid a regimen that has always seemed particularly onerous.

A first-class example of the former kind was 'Peter Ustinov in Conversation after Supper' (March 28). There could not have been many viewers who were not seized, for the duration of the programme anyway, with an envy of talents so varied, a temperament so agreeable, and a constitution that apparently enables its possessor to enjoy the good things of life and still get through a great deal of work.

Three members of the 'Tonight' team—Cliff Micheltore, Derek Hart, and Kenneth Allsop—shared the post-prandial board with Mr. Ustinov and supplied him with the occasional jumping-off point for a new line of reminiscence. Their respectful mateyness with their guest and air of careful casualness accentuated the artificiality of the occasion. And artificial it certainly was—the table meticulously arranged in after-dinner disorder, the refilling of glasses whose emptying we never witnessed, a seating plan to suit the cameras rather than the diners.

I suppose that this kind of make-believe fools some of the people some of the time. Was it essential for the presentation of a one-man act so entertaining as Mr. Ustinov?

The life of John Coates, sheep breeder high up in the Yorkshire Pennines, as portrayed in Stanley Williamson's film, 'Pastures in High Places' (March 31), must have caused many a suburban reassessment of values. I have no doubt that its total effect was as artificial as the Ustinov supper because, no matter how truthful Mr. Williamson tried to be (and clearly he tried hard), you cannot contain the truth of a year's work in a

forty-five-minute film. But, to adapt Mr. Williamson's words in *Radio Times*, 'if it does no more than help the townsman to put up with the grind of his city-centred, nuclear-powered, space orientated existence, perhaps it serves its purpose'. His fine film did that.

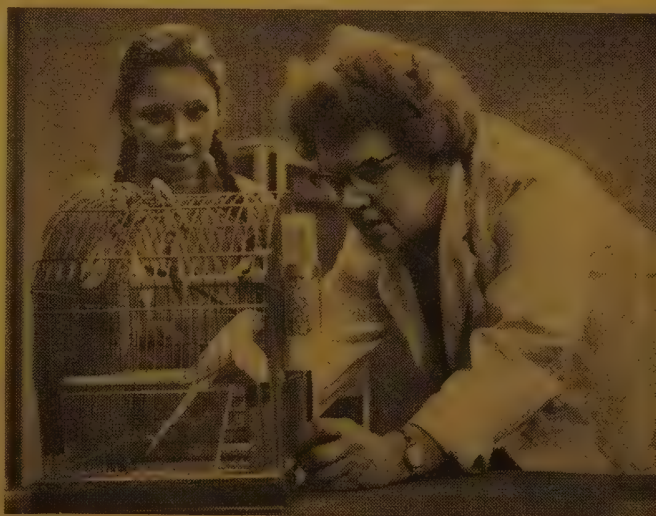
And I daresay that 'Town Vet' (March 30) fired many youngsters with the urge to take up that calling. It left me relatively content with my lot. Had the programme been based on a day in the life of a country vet, I might have been moved to envy the variety of skills demanded of him. But a life spent in healing the sufferings of town dogs, cats, and budgies—no thank you.

No thank you, too (for the



'After Supper': Peter Ustinov (left) with Kenneth Allsop (centre), Derek Hart, and Cliff Micheltore (back to camera)

John Cura



'Town Vet': Freda Bamford, as the veterinary surgeon, attending to a patient

A schoolmaster's life has its frustrations and disappointments and, for a good teacher like Mr. Derek Waters, of Woodhill Primary School, Woolwich, its rewards. A year or so ago, Mr. Waters enlisted the co-operation of a Somerset farmer in a school project whose aim was to broaden his pupils' urban outlook and to acquaint them with a mode of living alien to them. Taking a bottle of milk as a starting-point, Mr. Waters led his class of thirty-eight, by a series of related activities such as drawing, cutting out, modelling, to the climax of a summer's day on the Somerset farm. The B.B.C. cameras accompanied them on every stage of the journey and the result was 'The Paper Farm' (March 29).

The programme seemed to imply, merely by its existence, something unusual if not revolutionary in teaching method. Yet fifteen years ago, when I was indirectly concerned with one aspect of teaching, projects like this were much in vogue. The only difference that I could discern was that the Woodhill children travelled first-class in the train to Somerset. Perhaps that was part of their education, too.

None of the succeeding programmes in the 'They Made History' series has so far come up to the level of the first, on Van Meegeren, the Dutch picture-forgery. The fourth, 'Ronald Ross' (March 31) was no exception. This is not to say that it was not a good programme by current standards, only that it was not the masterpiece that the Van Meegeren is fast becoming in my mind.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Holding Horses

THE START of a new series always puts the critic in a dilemma. Should he criticize at once on the grounds that, since anything new is news, his readers will wish to be kept abreast



'They Made History', a programme on the hunting down of the malaria parasite by Ronald Ross: Lee Montague as Ross (left) taking a blood sample

time being anyway), for the life of a monk, on pleasant Caldey Island or anywhere else. 'Island Monastery' (March 29) was a re-showing of a film first seen four years ago, a lapse of time certainly more acceptable for a repeat than, for example, the seven months between the current transmission of some of the Hans and Lotte Hass films and their original screening last autumn.

Hywel Davies's incursion into the Cistercian monastery on Caldey merited a second showing both for the insight it gives of a way of life closed to most of us and for its excellent photography. At the end, when the fathers and brothers processed chanting into the chapel, some of the sense of serenity they presumably experience came unmistakably across.

of events? Or should he bide his time? Allow the series to settle down, shake off nerves, birth pangs or even the simple ailment of trying too hard, and then pass judgment?

Since the replacement series to *The World of Tim Frazer*, *They Met in a City*, has been much bruited—and then partially curtailed—I shall review the first episode, *The Spanish Waiter* on March 28, at once. Interest was whetted, anyway, since the authors will include John Mortimer, John Elliott, and Margot Bennett, the writer of this first instalment, all of whom have proved their televisual talent. But *The Spanish Waiter* was not an auspicious opening for the series.

To put it bluntly, it was a feeble little affair whose humour was of the obvious kind which finds amusement in the naivety of foreigners and the under-educated. Nor was the central idea original or hopeful of fruitful possibilities. It was the old one about the impoverished continental—here a waiter in a cheap boarding house—who, left a trifle of money, imagines himself rich as Croesus. He throws up his job, tries to buy a yacht, and in general behaves in an incredible and embarrassing fashion.

Embarrassment in truth is always my reaction to this kind of behaviour put forward as drama; embarrassment, needless to say, for character and author alike. People may be simple and pretentious and, where money is concerned, extraordinarily gullible. But not in the way suggested by Miss Bennett. Nor did she present any attitude whereby the behaviour of her characters might be judged, or for that matter present any seeming relationship with the future episodes. The cast did their best; in particular Peter Reynolds and Sam Kydd. Job Stewart overplayed the waiter's youthful charm. Yet what else could he do?

Where I held my horses to good effect, before—in a broken metaphor—putting pen to paper on Charlie Drake, my patience was rewarded. The second show, *Charlie the Kid* (March 30), was infinitely the superior of the first. His opening programme, *The World of Charlie Frazer* (March 23), combining as it did parodies of *The World of Tim Frazer* and *This is Your Life*, seemed ideal for Mr. Drake's comic sense with its bizarre blend of the sinister with the everyday. The more so as the spy trial then closing provided opportunities for some sharp little jokes, a kindly variant

of sick humour almost, which, if one was sensitive to others' feelings, verged on bad taste. Mr. Drake is no stranger to this, which is one reason why, while admiring his talent and his sharp uncompromising observation of human foibles, I never myself quite warm to him.

But paradoxically this first show was marred by these topical quips. Mr. Drake is a comic actor, deeply aware of the absurd and the ridiculous. He is not a gagster, and the incorporation of topical allusions into his material slowed up his comedy.

His real talent for comic acting was fully deployed in



Charlie Drake in *The World of Charlie Frazer*

vation stemmed from one unbelievable fact; namely, that one man was so good at his job that no one else could equal him at it and that the management used his capabilities as a yardstick for estimating overtime. After this the implausibilities multiplied until one was hardly surprised at the climax. This is the death of his son, driven under a lorry by school fellows made hostile by their parents.

Nor did characterization appear any more soundly based, though possibly north of the border reactions are different. The trade union officials were caricatures, suitable products of a tory nightmare. Only the lead was a rounded figure if set a strange dance by

the author's dirge. Despite this handicap Andrew Crawford excellently portrayed the integrity of the worker, never more so than at the round table conference, the only scene in the play with fire in it.

A light-hearted opera from the Italian, *The Two Shy People* by Nino Rota (March 30), ended a pleasingly varied week with style and originality.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Teachers and the Mob

THE SOCIAL and emotional lives of schoolboys and of their teachers continues to supply material for serious English novelists and playwrights. In other countries this is sometimes taken to be evidence of our immaturity. It is alleged that we cannot get away from school, whether we loved or hated it, and that our writers waste their time in writing an essentially tedious part of life out of their systems.

The case is overstated. The mutual incomprehension of two generations is not a trivial topic; the crises of acceptance or rejection by the society of school seem final and concerned with justice to the participants; the field of action is nearly limited, and everybody spends some of his time playing a part and in danger of being unmasked. Though William Golding is mainly a moralist his *Break My Heart* (Home, March 19) asked no grave questions.

The story was about a grammar school boy who turned miserable, ineffective and uncommunicative at school because he knew that his mother was having an affair with his uncle. His knowledge and nightmares dovetailed with Hamlet's troubles. And *Hamlet* was his set book—which a master was doggedly expounding though certain that no boy could emotionally understand it. There was no suggestion that this boy consciously saw himself as Hamlet, so the coincidence seemed a contrived misfortune rather than a tragedy.

But the play was good as a documentary on misunderstanding and very convincing indeed in its presentation of the sub-acid dialogue normal in staff-rooms. The master who was near despair because his goodwill could not penetrate the 'central opacity' of boys who react to private misery with stubborn silence was very probable. So was the friendly mockery of



Flemming Flindt as James and Lucette Aldous as the Sylphide in the Ballet Rambert production of *The Sylphide* on April 2

Charlie the Kid, an uproariously funny pastiche of all that's appalling in 'westerns',—the pigeon-toed walk, the long, long silences broken by a monosyllabic phrase or two, the flittings in and out of the saloon swing doors, the never empty six-shooters. One's regret is that Mr. Drake, who can spot weak points in another's armour where all seems impenetrable, should so often drop his subtle, but lethal, probings for the savagery of the blunt onslaught. His broad humour is a mistake, and was again too much in evidence.

Blunt was the attack on organized labour in *No Thoroughfare* (March 27) by James L. Dow. It seemed so partial and biased a treatment of this subject that it was impossible to accept it with all the seriousness it appeared to demand. The entire moti-



Andrew Crawford (left) as Adam Paterson and Moultrie Kelsall as Macdonald in *No Thoroughfare*

his colleagues who taught the young conscientiously without expecting to understand them or hoping to influence their lives much. The pushful careerist, witheringly called 'an educationist', was a known type. And there was a good brief portrait of a beginner going through the hell of not being able to keep discipline.

The Browning Version by Terence Rattigan (Home, March 23) might usefully be sent with *Break My Heart* to intending schoolmasters as a guide and a warning. A study in honourable failure, it is particularly good on the popularity problem. Andrew Crocker-Harris (John Gielgud) was a touching figure, scholarly, devoted and most dignified when explaining how, lacking easy likeableness, he had played the eccentric only to find that eventually the young didn't even like him as a joke. His pachyderm headmaster (Clive Morton), a benevolent but unduly urbane pupil (Anthony Adams), and his disgruntled and casually unfaithful wife (Angela Baddeley) were all hazards known to the profession. The tale moved no great distance and proved nothing but was a conversation piece or group photograph unusually complete in itself.

Two plays by Jean Morris, *The Prize in That Race* (Home, March 20) and *The Stone Lion* (Home, March 27) covered episodes in the Peloponnesian War, and made statements on the strength and vulnerability of Athenian democracy. They also carried a number of inferences on the side about the value of clemency to the conquered, the desirability of respect for the rule of law and the dangers of both oligarchy and of crowd emotion inspired by oratory, cynical or sincere. I must take the history for granted, knowing no better. I thought, however, that the argument of Diodotus (Philip Morant) that a dissident ally should be forgiven when defeated on the analogy of the inefficiency of capital punishment as a deterrent sounded out of period.

Of the two plays the first had much more tension, a clearer story line and more plausible and distinguishable characters. The race between a ship unwillingly carrying orders for the destruction of Mitylene and another reversing those orders was genuinely exciting, and the last scene, in which watchers on the cliffs saw the end of the race, was visually imaginative—which is the life-blood of good radio. The sequel depended too much on political argument—in a situation where nobody could be wholly right—to hold attention keenly. It was probably a mistake to present these plays in succeeding weeks as the argumentative link between them was not very strong. Yet both dealt with matters of real concern seriously and with eloquence. And both came across as plays and not as dramatized political sermons even in their most parliamentary passages.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Twice Disillusioned

I HAVE been cured of two illusions about the Spoken Word (and very much, I might add, to my regret). I never expected to hear a bad programme by René Cutforth; but 'The Horse' (Home Service, March 24) was not even placed. It was just a few voices (mainly from the Home Counties) discussing the horse as a status symbol, and the social uplift it gave you to wear jodhpurs. Not a voice from Rotten Row, not a jockey, not a trainer, not a word about pony books, not a word in edgeways from someone who frankly admitted they didn't like horses. And, to end it all, a mock-up of a punter. No, I'm afraid a firm favourite was nowhere near winning this time.

My second disillusionment was almost as

painful. I had somehow deluded myself (was Bud Flanagan responsible?) that an actor's conversation was bound to be enlivening. As for an Irish actor, let loose with a microphone, he would hold any listener half-an-hour. I have no such delusions since I listened to Peter O'Toole (Home Service, March 28); I should never have thought that an Irishman could be so tedious. Elizabeth Frank, so it seemed to me, ticked off the series of questions on her agenda with increasing briskness and desperation, while Mr. O'Toole, decidedly weary, improvised with an eye on the clock. He sounded like someone in repertory playing an Irish actor, putting in spontaneity and *élan*, and reading his brogue from a phonetic script. All this, I am sure, is not true to fact; but I am bound to say that that is how the programme came across.

I heard a conversation in quite a different class when (Home Service, Good Friday) Mrs. Josephine Bayley talked to Laurence Gilliam. After a little coaxing, she launched on a spate of reminiscences which constantly took one with pleasant surprise. The least remarkable thing about her was that she made her début as a singer at the Royal Albert Hall in 1888; the most remarkable things were her vitality and her galaxy of acquaintances. There are not many people who could recall singing to Grieg and vexing Clara Schumann, or performing alone in a Paris theatre to a single listener: the King of Saxony. The very thought of singing *Angels ever bright and fair* to Mr. Gladstone (Willy to his intimates) to soothe him before an audience with his Sovereign, sends a decided tremor down the spine. Perhaps there was a little too much about the Californian childhood; and I think we should have been told at the beginning, not at the end, where the conversation took place. But these are the only holes I can pick in a vivid half-hour's listening.

Talking of talks, there were two entertaining snippets of conversation after the six o'clock news on March 27. Audrey Russell visited the newly opened British Transport Museum, and recalled the good old days when trespassing on the railway lines might mean transportation for life; and Lois Pearson, of Bedfordshire, assured her interviewer: 'Yes, I was born a witch', and discussed the monthly witches' coven as if it had been a Mothers' Union meeting. Who claims, after this, that the old Home Service is conservative?

Of the two other programmes I heard last week, one was disappointing and the other very satisfying. Edward Thomas has always been admired by practising poets; and it was, in a way, appropriate that some of them should have read his poems in 'Edward Thomas: Modern Poet' (Home Service, Good Friday). Alas, the intention of this programme was much better than the result: Ted Hughes proved an inadequate reader, and Martin Bell lacked the manner (though not the feeling) of an editor of broadcast poetry. The programme was ill-knit. It made me wish constantly that Helen Thomas had given a straight talk on her husband, or presented some of his poems with a substantial commentary.

Only the other day I was eavesdropping on Byron; on March 28 (Third Programme) I put my ear to the keyhole of the Master's Lodging, Balliol, and heard an intense conversation between Benjamin Jowett, Anatole France, Matthew Arnold, and Cardinal Manning. It would have needed a double-first mentality and an exhaustive acquaintance with the philosophy, science, religion, and politics of the period to appreciate the full flavour of the discussion. Backwards and forwards, from Darwin to Brunetière, from Gladstone to Chaucer (delectably read by Anatole France) the conversation flew. I felt that Anatole France spoke most stylishly, but then, after all, he had been coached

by Mme. de Caillavet to let off his brilliant verbal set-pieces. Mr. T. S. Gregory made a good job of this conversation, and Mr. Holme cast it well. Norman Shelley's Jowett was so convincing that I could almost see the falsetto-voiced, cherubic, awe-inspiring, Balliol-is-my-universe little don.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Music We Love?

UNDER ITS CONDUCTOR, Alexander Gibson, the Scottish National Orchestra provided two enterprising concerts during the week, each containing a non-repertoire work. On March 27 (Third Programme) the novelty, receiving its first broadcast performance, was Iain Hamilton's Piano Concerto. A week or two ago the much-respected critic of *The Sunday Times*, having pointed out the merits of the new Stravinsky *Movements*, plaintively added: 'Shall we ever love it, as we love Bach or Haydn or Chopin?'

Is this asking too much in these progressive times? Can one exactly love, shall we say, the latest Pasmore abstract, however stimulating? Certainly the more recent works of Hamilton have struck me as singularly unlovable, and this Piano Concerto was no exception. Explosive in content, with violent contrasts of mood and dynamic, it disconcerted me through its lack of continuity and direction, though I am prepared to accept that its material was meticulously planned on the composer's bench. It was the emotional impetus behind the material that seemed undisciplined, and this to my regret I failed to connect, failed to orientate myself in this somewhat frenzied auditory maze. Yet there was considerable excitement in some of the orchestral writing, less perhaps in the piano part which Margaret Kitchin dispatched with her customary aplomb. The Hamilton work was followed by a well-moulded performance of what one might call Shostakovich's *Pathetic Symphony*—his Tenth. Even if Shostakovich is a little overrated today, the praise generally accorded to this symphony is entirely deserved. Its stature grows over the years. Lovable, even?

On March 31 (Home) the same orchestra gave two piano concertos with Shura Cherkassky as a masterly soloist, at home equally in the Mozart D minor and Stravinsky's Piano Concerto of 1923 (with wind and percussion). The performance of the Mozart in fact took a little time to warm up but the miraculous last movement, surely among the finest of all Mozart's finales, never went wrong despite the nerve-racking rhythmic difficulty of its main subject. The Stravinsky work, neo-classic plus a touch of nineteen-twenties jazz, is not an important affair but it is written with such stylishness and panache as to be irresistible (and, may one whisper, a deal more immediately enjoyable than the *Movement* already mentioned).

In a predominantly pianistic week, I must commend the B.B.C.'s enterprise in mounting Busoni's rarely-heard Piano Concerto (Third, April 1), thus giving a chance to the one British pianist whom many of us have been longing to hear tackle this mammoth part—the young John Ogdon, a player very much in the Liszt-Busoni tradition. His playing measured up to my high expectation—virtuosic in the technical handling of cascades of notes but always recognizing that the work is oceans removed from the normal run of display concertos. What an extraordinary work it is, original and grand in conception, its ideas not at all times equal to this grandeur and its idiom not as forward-looking as one might expect. Yet it compels attention over its hour-and-a-quarter length and one movement at least, the tumultuous taran-

tella, is entirely successful. It was almost certainly not the conductor's (Schwarz) fault that a miscalculation in balance occurred in the finale with the entry of the men's chorus. This is marked 'off-stage' by Busoni but sounded far too prominent and 'on-stage', even suggesting a whiff of oratorio style.

The visiting American conductor, Bernard Herrmann, with the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra (Home, March 29) showed his versatility and wide-ranging sense of style in dealing with works as contrasted as Liszt's *Tasso*, an admirably full-blooded performance, and Rubbra's Third Symphony. But it was a pity that a more satisfying American work could not have been included than Walter Piston's twenty-year old *The Incredible Flutist*.

The outstanding chamber-music recital was a re-broadcast (also Third, March 29) of a recording made by Peter Pears, together with Dennis Brain and Mewton-Wood—a sad reminder of the tremendous loss suffered through the tragic deaths of these two phenomenally gifted young artists. Who, before Dennis Brain proved it, would have thought that the horn could sound so buoyant? This was the shining quality of the performance of Hindemith's Sonata for horn and piano, an engaging work if no more than good routine Hindemith. In Michael Tippett's song-cycle, *The Heart's Assurance*, the piano part is of such importance that it demands a pianist of just that combination of brilliance and sensitivity which Mewton-Wood possessed. With so completely an understanding pair of performers as

he and Pears, this was a deeply-moving interpretation of a song-cycle which in my view is unsurpassed in the work of any living English composer: the final song especially, a setting of Sidney Keyes' *Remember your Lovers*, has the real stamp of greatness.

Briefly noted: a new weekly series of recitals, each containing a work by a younger British composer, started with Richard Bennett's Piano Sonata. Written at the age of eighteen, the work showed neither more nor less than a genuine and unusually fluent gift for composing. These weekly recitals take place at the bizarre hour of 9.25 a.m. and on Saturdays, when the Housewives have no Choice.

ALAN FRANK

[Mr. Rollo Myers is away for three weeks]

Nikos Skalkottas and the Secret Science

By ALAN WALKER

Piano music by Skalkottas will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 5.35 p.m. on Sunday, April 9



'THE REAL FACTS [of twelve-tone technique] will probably remain secret science until there is one who inherits it by virtue of an unsolicited gift'.

When Schönberg wrote these words* he did not know that his 'secret science' had been in the possession of a brilliant pupil for many years. Nor did anyone else. Not the least remarkable aspect of Skalkottas's character was his complete and genuine indifference to the fate of his works, almost all of which remained in manuscript and were totally unknown even to his close acquaintances. In recent years, however, a tiny fraction of his music has been published and more is on the way. Undoubtedly the emerging Skalkottas is one of the most considerable figures of our century. He is beginning to assume astonishing dimensions and, in my opinion, has every claim to be regarded as the greatest serial composer after Schönberg.

Born at Chalkis on the island of Euboea in 1904, Skalkottas lived a tragically short but intensely creative life. Until he was seventeen he studied in his native Greece, first with his father and uncle (both good amateur musicians) and then at the Athens Conservatory. Here, he revealed himself as an outstanding violinist and won the gold medal when he was only sixteen. He also won a scholarship which, in 1921, took him to the Berlin Hochschule für Musik where he studied for the next twelve years. Hardly installed, so to speak, he made the most important decision of his life: he gave up his higher violin studies for composition. His successive teachers were Paul Kahn, Kurt Weill, Paul Jarnach, and finally—from 1927 to 1933—Schönberg, who was to make a lasting impression on him. Skalkottas made a lasting impression on Schönberg also. In later years, long after they had lost contact, Schönberg wrote that he considered Skalkottas to be one of the very few real composers who had passed through his hands—a rare compliment indeed, and this on the strength of early student works.

Adverse material circumstances forced Skalkottas to return to Athens in 1933 where he became a back-desk violinist in the Athens State Orchestra. Poverty and utter lack of recognition influenced his character considerably. A trait to emerge during these harsh years was his complete unconcern for the future of his music, the creation of which, however, almost became a way of life with him. For sixteen years his life followed the same uncompromising pattern: the

grind of orchestral playing by day, and the creation of one masterpiece after another by night. His industry was staggering. He composed far more than the total output of Schönberg, Berg, and Webern combined, and he lived a shorter life than any of these composers. In 1949 his unceasing flow of creativity was brought to an abrupt end. He succumbed to a common hernia towards which he displayed characteristic indifference. So far as I can discover, he was too busy to seek medical attention.

Skalkottas lived his brief span of forty-five years during one of the most turbulent periods of music's history. Yet there is little of the twentieth century's sense of crisis in his work. He composed because he had to; an awareness of his crucial historical position might well have inhibited him (as, indeed, it inhibited Schönberg for some five years). As it is, he wrote swiftly and fluently, and his works were often conceived on a large scale—there is an orchestral suite that lasts for some ninety minutes. It is impossible to estimate his complete output for his manuscripts are in the possession of the Skalkottas Committee in Athens who, apparently, are not yet in a position to publish a complete list. But it includes at least thirteen concertos, a great amount of diverse orchestral music, four string quartets, numerous works for violin and piano, and a collection of thirty-two pieces for solo piano. There is also a good deal of vocal music.

Skalkottas possesses the one characteristic common to all masters: his music compels you to listen. He is, at times, highly passionate. Not for him our age's anti-romantic, clinical cerebrations. To Skalkottas, as to all true creators, music was a feeling, not a thinking art. You are drawn to him despite his serialism and (paradoxically enough) because of it. The fact is that a great composer cannot learn serial technique; he can only discover it. This is a simple proposition to prove. The rationale of serialism can be expressed in about 200 words and understood by anyone with an hour to spare: and yet there are few serial masters. Schönberg's secret science is too elusive to formulate. You either capture it on the intuitive level or you do not capture it at all. It is not without significance that Skalkottas possessed phenomenal powers of recall which enabled him to write down from memory everything he had ever composed. Needless to add, you cannot recall something that (creatively speaking) was never there.

Virtuoso fiddler, experienced orchestral player,

excellent pianist, Skalkottas is comprehensible for another reason than sheer genius: he was a practical musician with a practical musician's respect for players and listeners alike. Nowhere is this more evident than in his piano music. From the player's standpoint it is technically accessible; from the listener's standpoint it is audible. Such realism is refreshing in an age which takes increasingly less account of the practical limitations of hands and ears. Moreover, Skalkottas recognizes the fact that the piano is really the most paradoxical of all musical instruments. The truer you are to its fundamental nature—percussion—the less characteristic it becomes. The piano is the great musical master of illusion: it sings because it can't. In all the great piano literature of the past, the piano sustains despite itself. A 'modern' composer really throws out the baby with the bath-water when, in his search for 'truth', he refuses to allow the instrument to delude.

For Skalkottas—a supremely lyrical composer—the piano is a supremely lyrical instrument. From what little of his piano music I have been able to study, I venture to think that it solves once and for all the current problem of writing for the instrument. Such a problem is essentially one of composing increasingly complex musical foregrounds over a background of the same unchanging, intrinsic, and relatively simple technical limitations. The more music evolves, the more it involves. And the more it involves, the more likely it is to conflict with its media. Searching through the photostats of the *Thirty-two Piano Pieces*, I have been struck many times by the complete absence of such a conflict. The ideas are profoundly original, yet they 'lie' well. Although many of these pieces were written at white heat (*Rondo brillante* and *Capriccio* were both composed on the same day, August 14, 1940) Skalkottas's artistic instinct is always absolutely certain of its aims. His calligraphy is meticulously neat and there is hardly a trace of revision. The act of composing, apparently, was simply an act of copying down ideas that had already been worked out on a mental level.

One final, cautionary word. Do not trouble about the serial element in Skalkottas. You will either respond to his music or you won't. No amount of twelve-note juggling will alter this fact. Listen to Skalkottas as you would listen to any other composer. His secret science will do the rest.

* *Style and Idea* (London, 1951), page 218

Inter-Regional Bridge Competition—III

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



NOTTINGHAMSHIRE and Derbyshire, represented respectively by Mr. W. E. Lee and Mr. P. Heywood and by Mr. E. White and Mr. H. N. D. Bailey, disputed the Midlands area final of the bridge competition on April 2. Mr. Bailey gave Derbyshire a good start when he was the only one to discover the best solution to the following problem in play:

WEST	EAST
♠ K 7	♠ J 4
♥ K Q 7	♥ A 10 5 2
♦ A Q 7 4	♦ K J 6 3
♣ J 10 7 3	♣ Q 8 5

After South has opened with a bid of One Heart, West becomes the declarer in Three No Trumps. North leads the six of spades. South wins with the ace and returns a spade. How should West play the hand?

Some of the contestants pinned their hopes on quite impossible end positions, but the problem is simply stated: it is unlikely that North has seven spades, and that means that as soon as the lead is lost the defence can take their now established spade suit to defeat the contract. The object therefore is to take nine tricks without surrendering the lead. To do this, the heart suit must yield four tricks and the best chance of that is to find North with either

the single eight or the single nine. West therefore should rely on a 3-2 diamond break to provide him with three diamond entries in the dummy. He uses the first of them to lead the ten of hearts: South is expected to cover with the jack and it is hoped that North will play the eight or nine. The dummy's second diamond entry is used to lead a further low heart, finessing the Q 7, and his third diamond entry will enable the declarer to cash his fourth heart trick.

The contract might have been made by another play had North held the single jack of hearts; that chance is however considerably smaller than the chance of his holding either the single eight or nine.

Nottinghamshire recovered well in the second part of the contest to take a lead by one point, and the final test was the bidding of these hands:

WEST	EAST
♠ Q 9 7	♠ A 10 6 4
♥ A Q J	♥ 10 6 3
♦ K J 10 5 4 3 2	♦ A
♣ None	♣ J 8 7 6 5

With both sides vulnerable South deals and bids One Club.

Five Diamonds was judged clearly the best contract and scored a maximum ten. Four

Spades was awarded five and there were lesser consolations for part scores in diamonds and spades. Both pairs reached Four Spades. For Nottinghamshire Mr. Lee bid Two Diamonds over One Club and his partner responded Two Spades. Mr. Lee raised to Three Spades and his partner went on to Four Spades.

This last was a surprising bid: one might imagine that having introduced a four-card suit of doubtful quality East would leave it to his partner to pursue that suit—particularly since he had such an obvious alternative bid of Three No Trumps, over which his partner could always revert to spades if his holding were sufficiently strong. In fact, over Three No Trumps West would probably have bid Four Diamonds and East could have raised to game.

For Derbyshire Mr. White made a simple overcall of One Diamond and Mr. Bailey bid One Spade (One No Trump or even No Bid were reasonable alternatives). West raised One Spade to Three Spades and East went on to Four Spades. And that left Nottinghamshire the winners by one point, and the first team to qualify for the final pool, later in the year.

—Network Three

How to Win at Rubber Bridge by Pierre Albarran and Dr. Pierre Jais, adapted for English readers by Terence Reese, has been published by Barrie and Rockcliff, price 18s.

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ABOUT THE HOUSE



Flavouring with Paprika

PAPRIKAS, OR PIMENTOS, or sweet peppers, they are all the same thing. Paprika powder is not nearly so hot as curry or those tongue-searing Mexican dishes made with chilli peppers, and, under the faint tingling sensation, there is a most delicate flavour. It goes especially well with chicken, or pie veal, or stewing steak, and Hungarian gulyas, or *poerkoelt*, or *paprikas*—they all have a family likeness—are among those few dishes that taste just as good after they have been warmed up.

For a *poerkoelt*, fry some chopped onions in rather a lot of fat. Stir in 2 ounces of paprika pepper. Add a chicken cut in pieces, and with it mop up the fat and paprika powder. Put a lid over the pan and let it simmer gently for about an hour until tender. No water is necessary. You may add a couple of spoons of water at half time if the stew looks dry, but there should not be much gravy. This *poerkoelt* is delicious served with plain boiled potatoes and stewed plums served on a salad plate. As an optional addition you can stir a bottle of yoghurt into the *poerkoelt* at the last minute.

One can buy whole paprikas—the vegetable, not just the red paprika pepper powder—in shops here. They are often green, or sometimes scarlet and yellow. They are pleasant to munch with cheese or to slice into a stew; but be careful to take the pith and fiery hot seeds out of the middle before using them.

Another delicious Hungarian dish is *lecsó*,

which is almost a meal in itself. Fry some onions in hot fat, add some chopped tomatoes, sliced green peppers (without the seeds and pith), some salt and pepper, and let the vegetables simmer in the frying pan, with the lid on, until they are almost a purée. This is good to eat with chicken, or eggs, or sausages.

SHEILA HUTCHINS
—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

A Dish from Luxembourg

A popular dish in Luxembourg is *judd mat gartenbonnem*—neck of bacon with broad beans.

For four persons you will need:

- 1½ lb. of neck of smoked bacon
- 2 lb. of fresh broad beans (or 1 lb. if tinned)
- 1 onion, 1 tomato
- a few sprigs of parsley, a bouquet garni
- ¾ oz. of flour
- 3 oz. of butter
- salt and pepper

Soak the bacon for 12 hours, then place it in a saucepan and cover with water. Add the bouquet garni and cook for 2-2½ hours, skimming from time to time. For the sauce, make a brown *roux* by adding ¾ oz. of flour to 3 oz. of melted butter. Finely chop the onion and add this to the *roux*. Then add some of the bacon stock, stirring continually, until you have a thick sauce. Next add the broad beans to the sauce and allow to cook.

To serve, decorate a serving dish with *pommes duchesse*, by squeezing creamed potatoes through an icing bag and making 'wells' with them. Fill the 'wells' with the bean sauce, and place

¼-inch-thick slices of the bacon between them. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and tomato rings.
—'Continental Cookery' (B.B.C. Television)

Notes on Contributors

- ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 595): economic editor of *The Observer*; author of *British Economic Policy Since the War* and *The Attack on World Poverty*
- ROBIN CRICHTON (page 597): studying anthropology at Edinburgh University
- A. L. GOODHART, K.B.E. (page 603): Master of University College, Oxford University; editor, *Law Quarterly Review*; author of *English Law and the Moral Law*, etc.
- IAN NAIRN (page 605): an assistant editor, *The Architectural Review*; author of *Counter-attack against Subtopia*
- C. V. WEDGWOOD, C.B.E. (page 608): historian; author of *The King's Peace*, *The King's War*, *Poetry and Politics*, etc.
- MARGARET LANE (page 610): author of *The Tale of Beatrix Potter*, *The Brontë Story*, *A Calabash of Diamonds*, etc.
- H. D. LEWIS (page 616): Professor of the History and Philosophy of Religion, London University; author of *Morals and Revelation*, *Our Experience of God*, etc.
- H. A. R. BINNEY, C.B. (page 617): Director and Secretary, British Standards Institution
- VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER (page 620): countryman and journalist; author of *The English Village*, *Dartington Hall: the History of an Experiment*, *In a Liberal Tradition: a Social Biography 1700-1950*
- CECIL GOULD (page 622): Assistant Keeper of the National Gallery, London; author of *An Introduction to Italian Renaissance Painting*

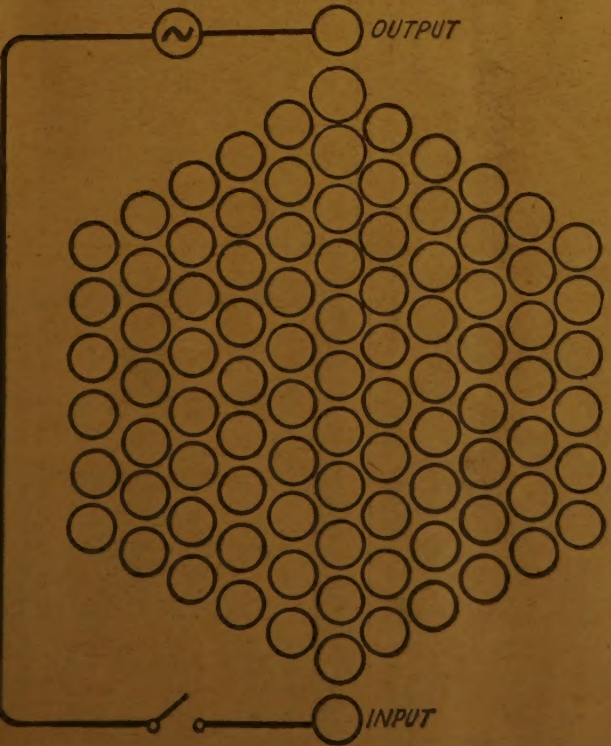
Crossword No. 1,610.

Astiac.

By Jeffec

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened):
book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 13. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The diagram represents Professor Loving-Spoof's 93-cell 'brain' ASTIAC (Astute Solvers To Insert All Connections). The cells in the central column are numbered 0 to 12 from Input; cells in the successive branches at 60° left (=L) and right (=R) are numbered outwards from the appropriate cell of the central column. Answers to clues must be entered in cells listed, ignoring punctuation. The cells must then be connected up in series (each to an immediate neighbour) by straight lines, so that, moving from Input to Output and passing through each cell once only, a not inappropriate quotation may be traced. Solvers are asked to give the name of the author and the work from which this quotation comes.

CLUES

- A. 7, 4-2L, 8-3R, 3, 3-3R, 2-1L, 9-2L, 7-1R, 3-4L, 6-3L, 2-4R: Intelligence passed on description of how squadron flew (11)
- B. 2, 6-2L, 2-1R, 6-5L, 3-5L, 6-1R, 5-4L, 7-2R: Contracting monarch, inside a shade upset (8)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

- C. 3-1L, 1-1R, 5, 8-1L, 6, 2-3L, 3-3R: Bird, tailless in after part, agreeable to order (7)
- D. 2-2R, 1-2R, 8-1R, 4-5R, 9, 1-5L, 11, 3-4R: Barley disease envelops a fish, an idle rover (8)
- E. 0, 1-2L, 10-1R, 2-2L: Worn on foot or legs after modification (4)
- F. 2-5L, 10-1L, 3-3L, 8-3L, 6-1L, 1-3R, 9-1R, 7-1R, 2-4L: Beating own wing in confusion (9)
- G. 7-3R, 4-4L, 6-5R, 9-2R, 5-1L, 5-5R: With sharp tool it excavates, revealing limestone (6)
- H. 2-3R, 1-4R, 1, 4-2R, 6-4R, 7-3L: Lemur living on African island, indeed continually (6, hyphen)
- J. 4-5L, 1-5R, 6-4L, 6-3R, 3-2R: Tut about tot—whimsical! (5)
- K. 1-1L, 4-3L, 4-1R, 8, 7-1L, 6-2R, 5-1R: Narrow way to reproach round number (7)
- L. 3-5R, 7-2L, 3-2L, 1-4L, 5-3L, 6-5R, 8-2L: Pole, shy, makes Judas window (7)
- M. 5-2R, 4-3R, 5-3R, 3-1R, 2-5R, 12, 7-4L, 9-1L, 5-5L, 4, 5-4R: He lavishes his means—ends by saving money (11)
- N. 8-2R, 7-3L, 10, 1-3L, 4-1L, 4-4R, 5-2L: To realise clear profit, embroider complex of threads (7)

Solution of No. 1,608

T	E	N	D	E	R	G	A	R	D	E	N
I	E	E	U	R	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
C	A	R	I	E	S	A	M	U	S	E	S
K	O	S	E	T	T	E	R	P	T	E	
E	L	T	L	E	O	O	O	O	O	O	
T	R	I	O	L	E	S	T	A	T	E	R
P	A	R	K	E	D	M	A	R	V	E	L
R	I	E	R	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	
I	D	R	A	I	S	E	D	R	A		
M	E	D	I	A	L	C	L	O	V	E	S
E	E	E	L	O	E	E	E	E	E	E	
R	E	L	A	Y	S	T	I	N	T	E	D

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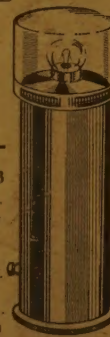
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